

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28*th January* 1927.

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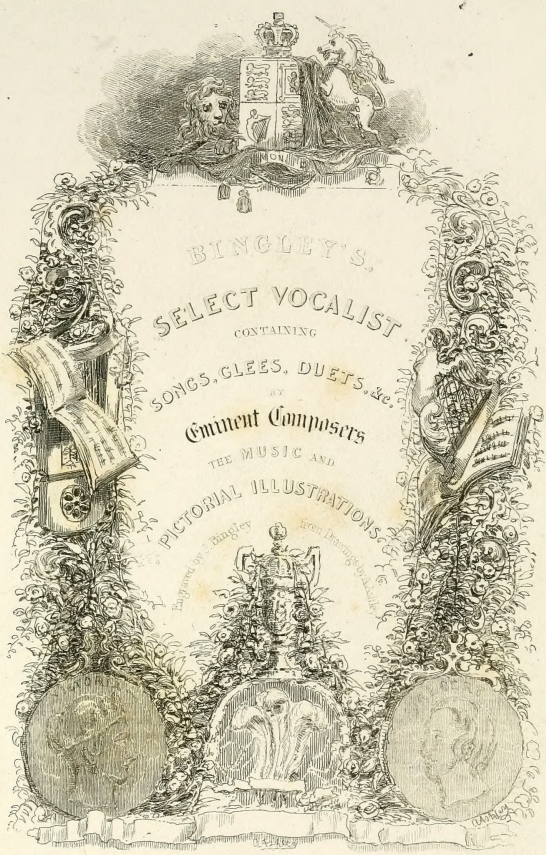


Miss Adelaide Kemble

As Susanna in the Marriage of Figaro

Glen 81

X



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Love in her eyes ..... *C. E. Horn* 40

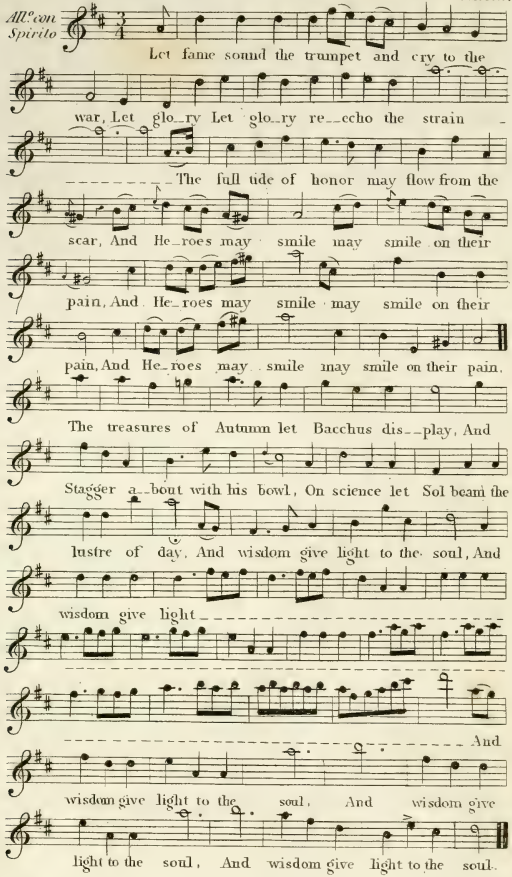
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Let Fame Sound the Trumpet.

Shield.

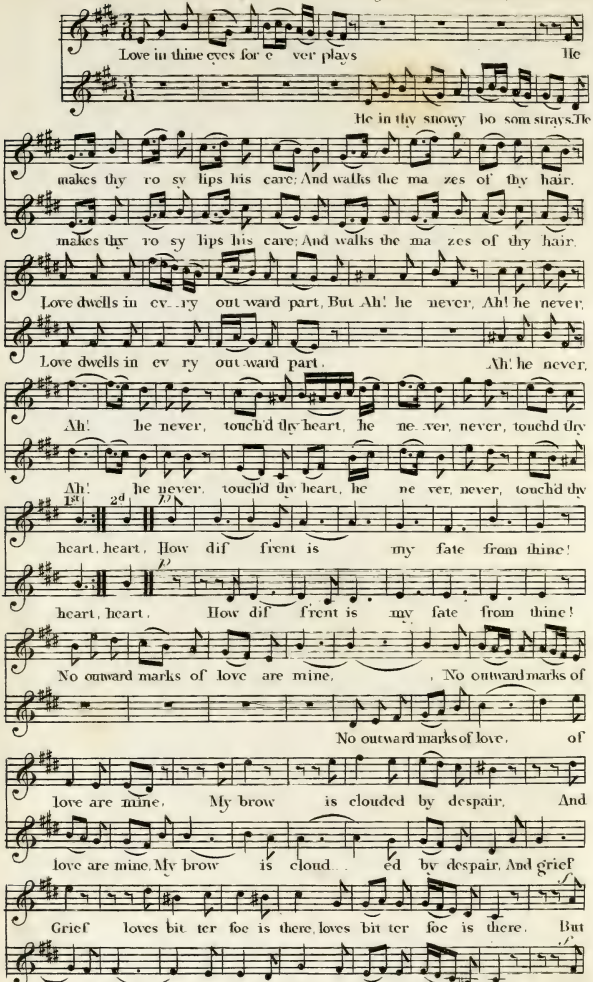


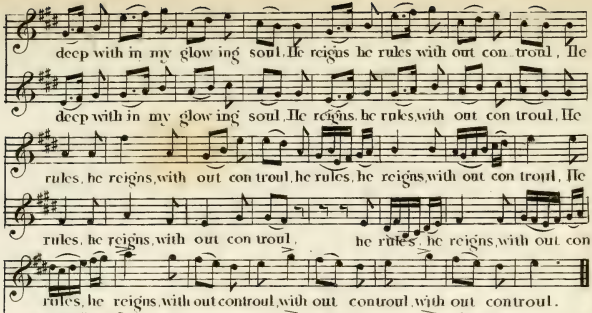
Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve,
Oh give me the friend that I know to be true,
And the girl that I tenderly love!

What's glory but pride, a vain bubble is fame,
And riot the pleasure of wine,
What's riches but trouble, and title's a name,
But friendship and love are divine.

Love in thine Eyes.

Canzonet by Jackson.
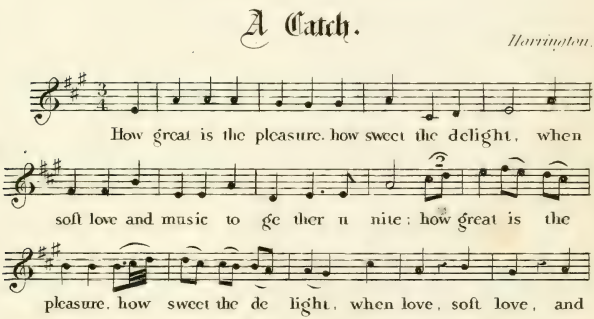




Love and Music.

A Catch.

Harrington.



My Mother bids me bind my hair.



Haydn.

Moderato

My Mother bids me bind my hair, with bands of ro..sy hue, Tie

up my sleeves with ribbands rare, And lace my boddice blue, Tie up my

sleeves with ribbands rare, And lace and lace my boddice

blue, For why she cries sit still and weep. while

others dance and play, A las I scarce can
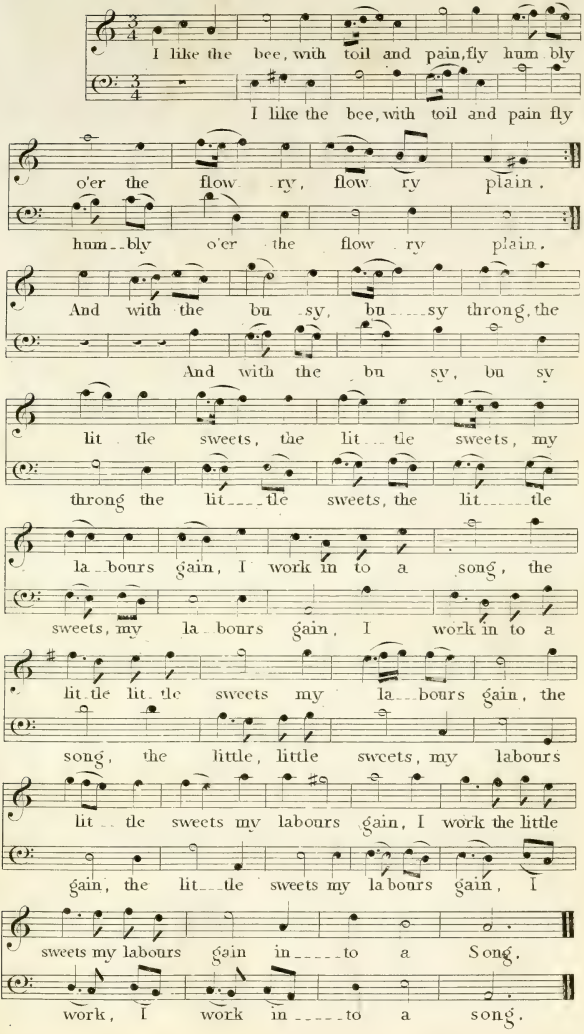
go or creep, While Lubin is a way, A las I scarce can go or creep, While

Lu..bin is a way, While Lubin is a way. is a way. is a way.
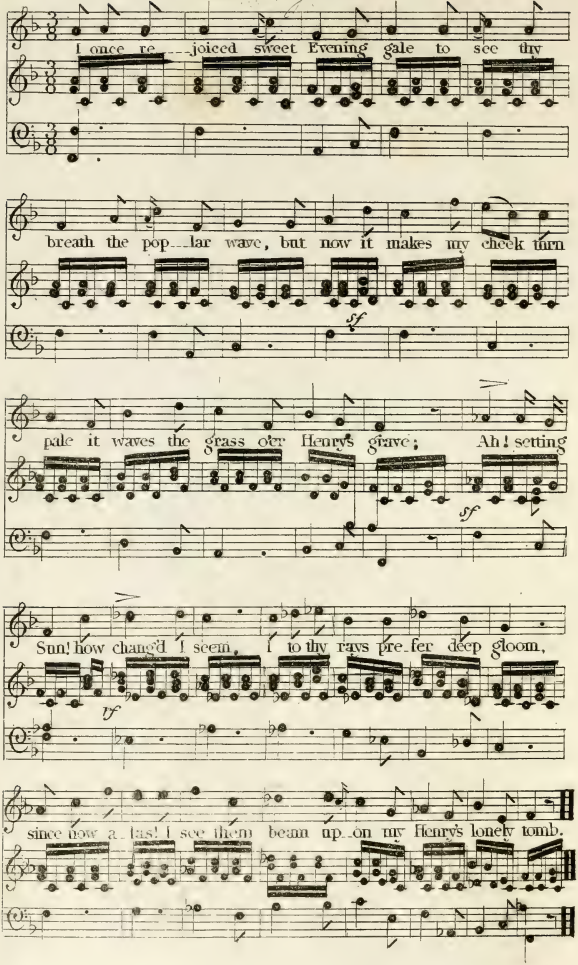
'Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love are near,
I sit upon the mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear,
And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village is asleep or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

I like the Bee.

Duett by Travers
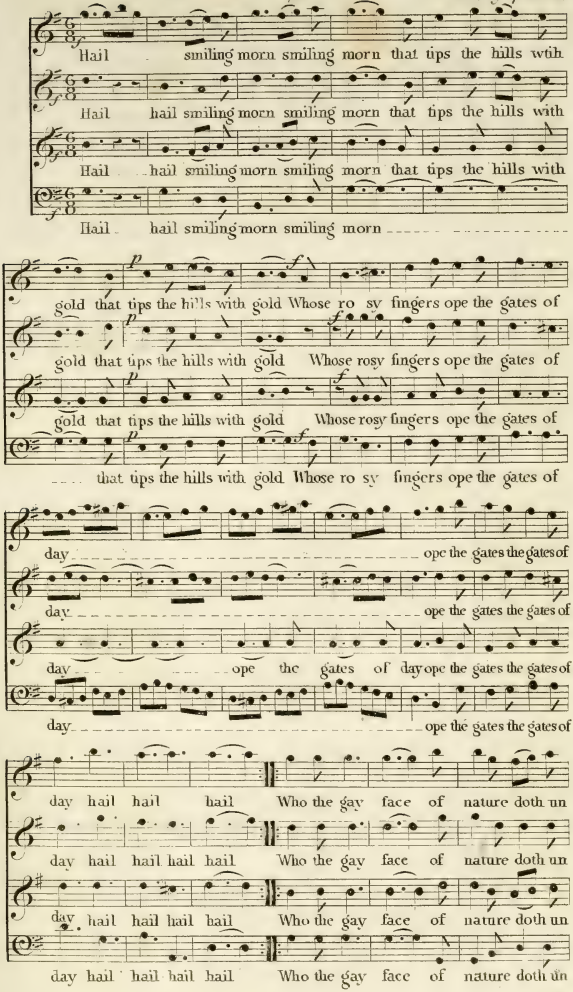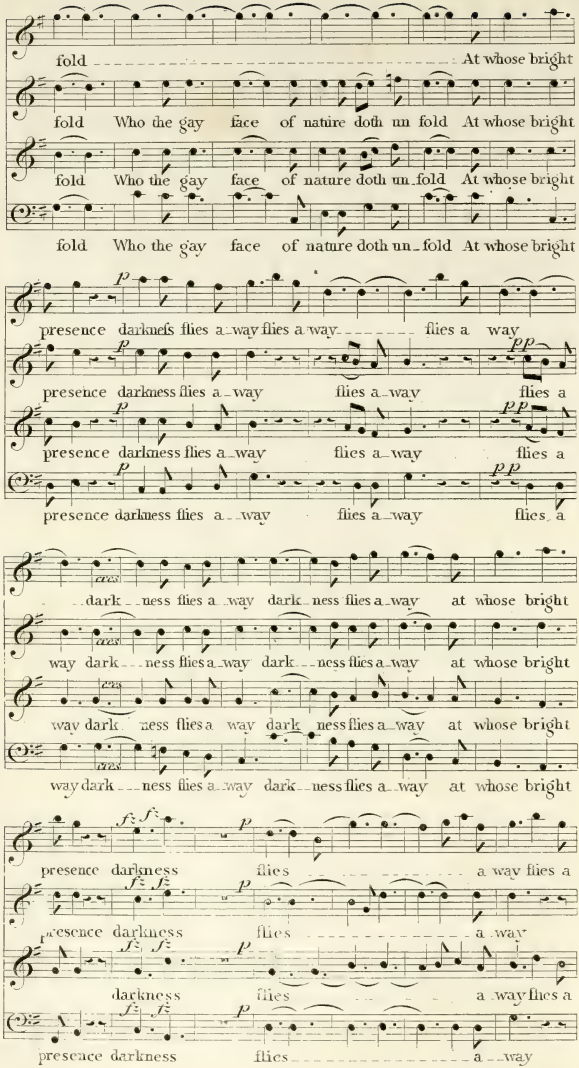


I once rejoiced.
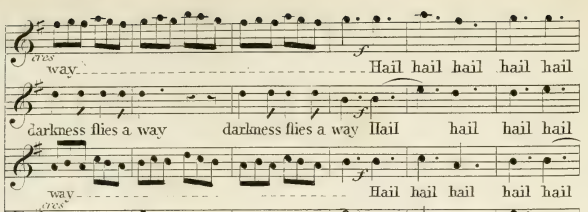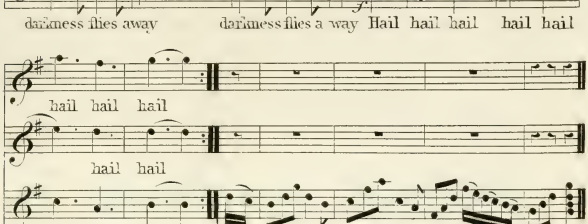


Hail smiling Morn.

Glee by Spofforth

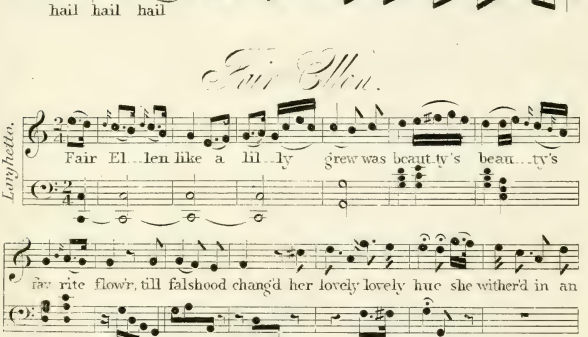



fold At whose bright
fold Who the gay face of nature doth un fold At whose bright
fold Who the gay face of nature doth un fold At whose bright
fold Who the gay face of nature doth un fold At whose bright
presence darkneſs flies a way flies a way flies a way
presence darkness flies a way flies a way flies a
presence darkness flies a way flies a way flies a
presence darkness flies a way flies a way flies a
dark ness flies a way dark ness flies a way at whose bright
way dark ness flies a way dark ness flies a way at whose bright
way dark ness flies a way dark ness flies a way at whose bright
way dark ness flies a way dark ness flies a way at whose bright
presence darkness flies a way flies a
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darkness flies a way flies a
presence darkness flies a way





Fair Ellen.
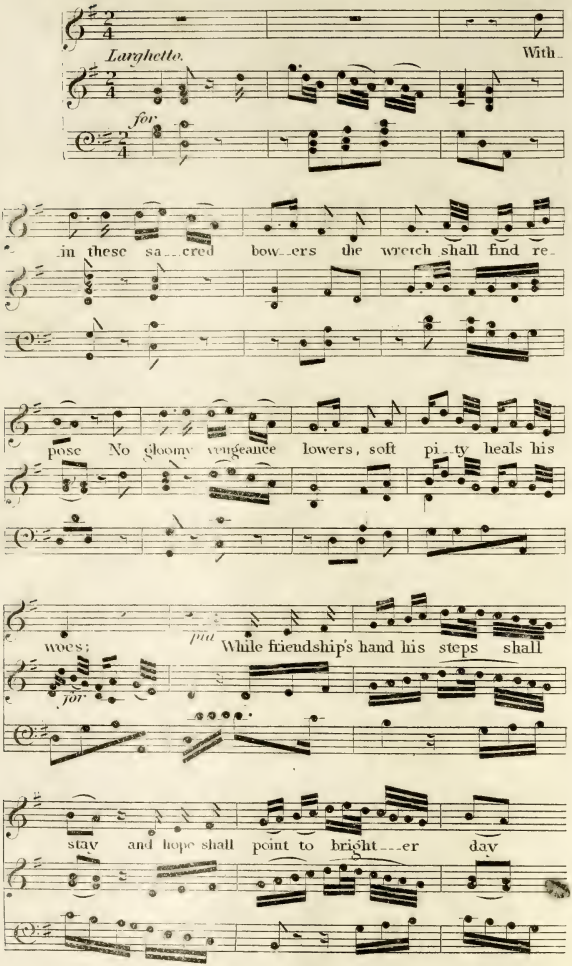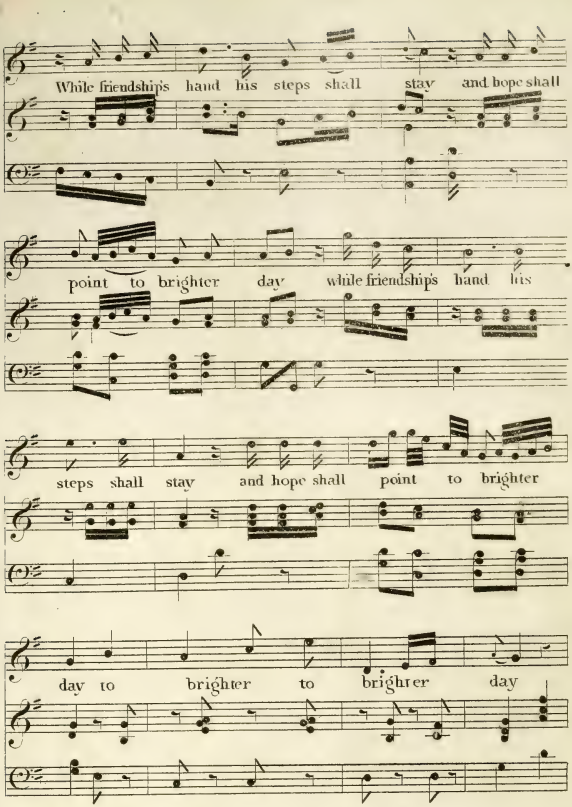


Antonio in her virgin breast,
First rais'd a tender sigh.

His wish obtain'd, the lover blest
Then left the maid to die.

Within these sacred bowers.

Mozart
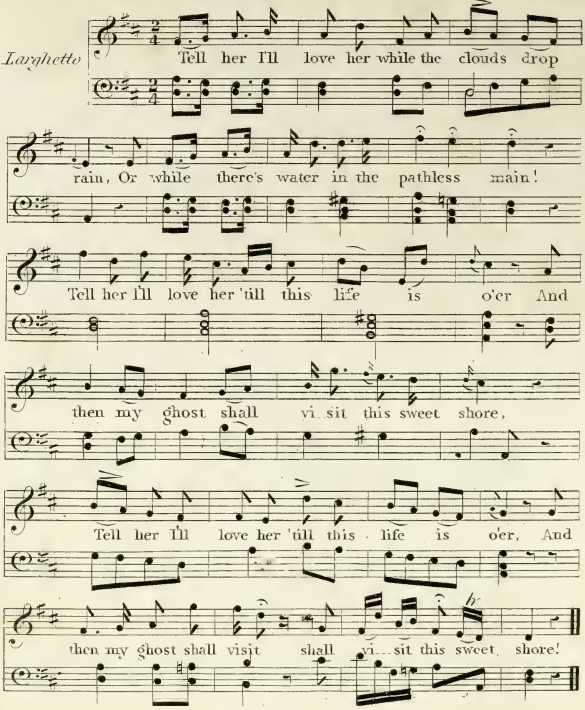




Here far from noise and folly
Fraternal love presides
And sweetest melancholy,
A hallowed guest resides,
If scenes like these thy heart can share
Then bide a welcome pilgrim here.

Tell her I'll love her.

Shield.



2

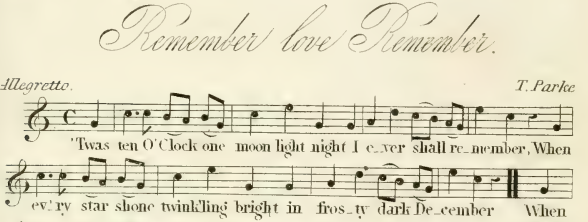
Tell her I only ask she'll think of me,
I'll love her while there's salt within the sea!
Tell her all this, tell it tell it o'er and o'er;
The anchor weighs! or I would tell her more!





Remember love Remember.

Allegretto. *T. Parke*



My Mother dozd before the fire
My dad his pipe was smoking,
I dare not for the world retire.
Now was not that provoking,
At length the old folks fast asleep,
I flew my promis'd word to keep,
And sure his absence to denote,
He on the window shutter wrote,
Remember love remember.

And did I heed a treat so sweet,
O yes for mark the warning,
Which said at church we were to meet,
At ten O'Clock next morning,
And there we met no more to part,
To twine for ever hand and heart,
And since that day in wedlock join'd,
The window shutter brings to mind,
Remember love remember.

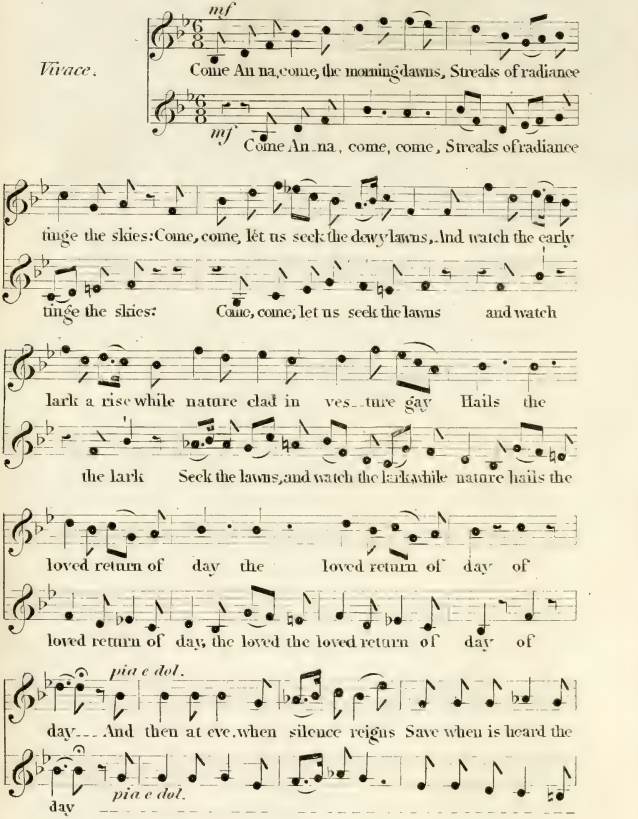
Come! Anna! Come!
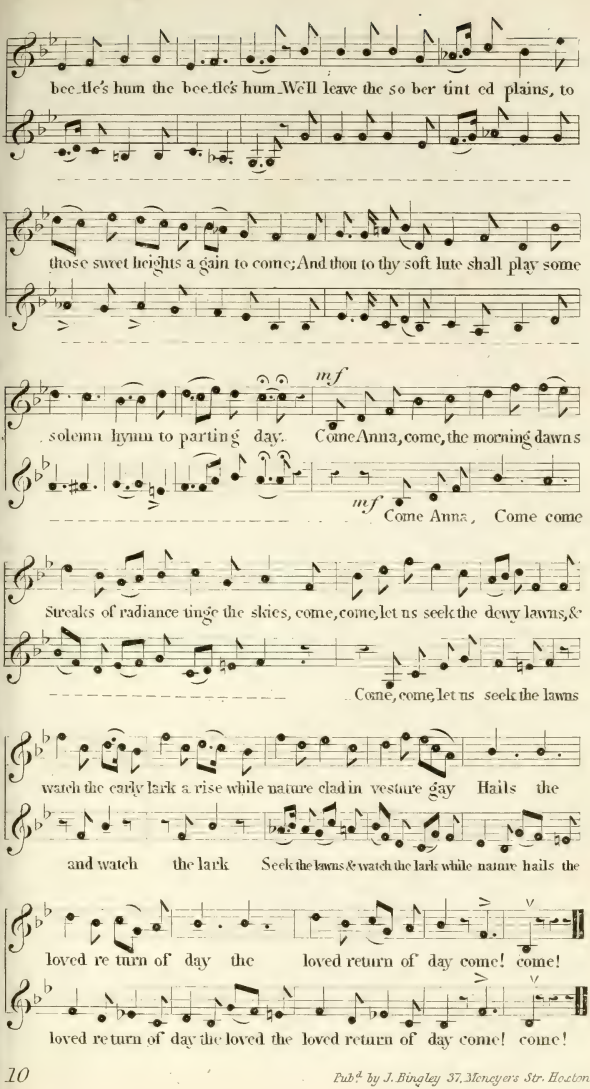
A Duet for Soprani;

The Poetry by Henry Kirke White,

The Music Composed by P. Gladstones,

For Bingley's Select Vocalist.



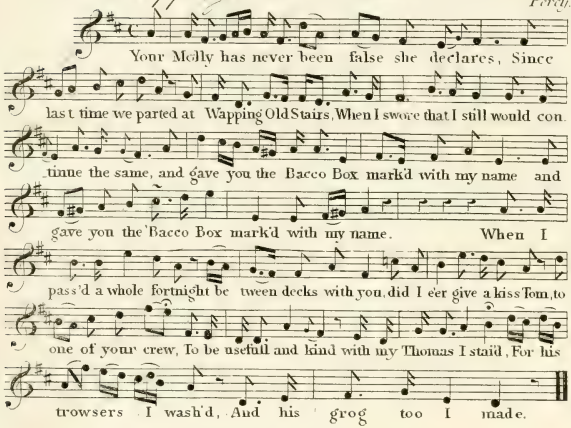


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Wapping Old Stairs.

Percy.
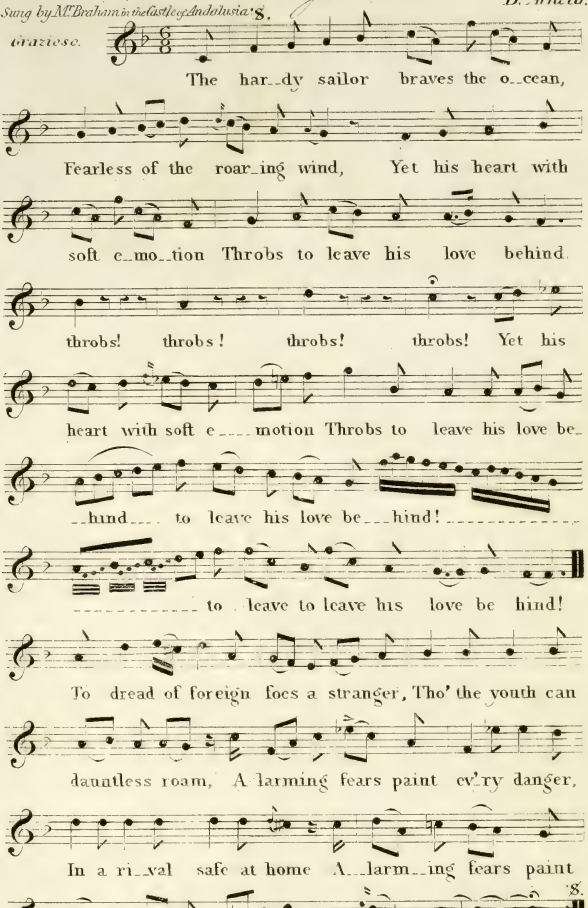


Tho' you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the mall,
With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
And only upbraded my Tom with a tear;
Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more priz'd,
For the heart that is true it should never be despised,
Then be constant and kind nor your Molly forsake.
Still your trowsers I'll wash, and your grog too I'll make.
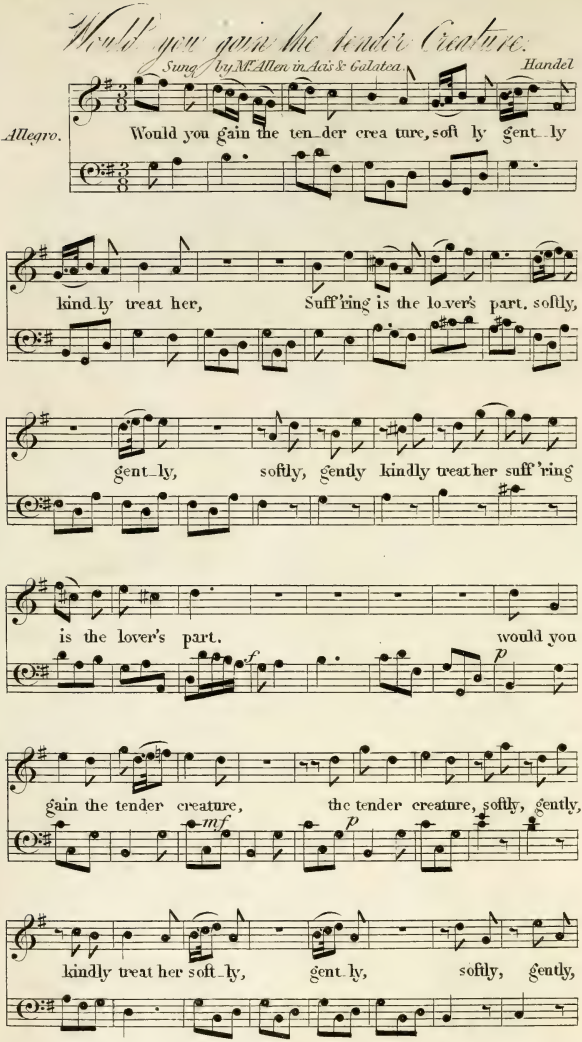
The Hardy Sailor.
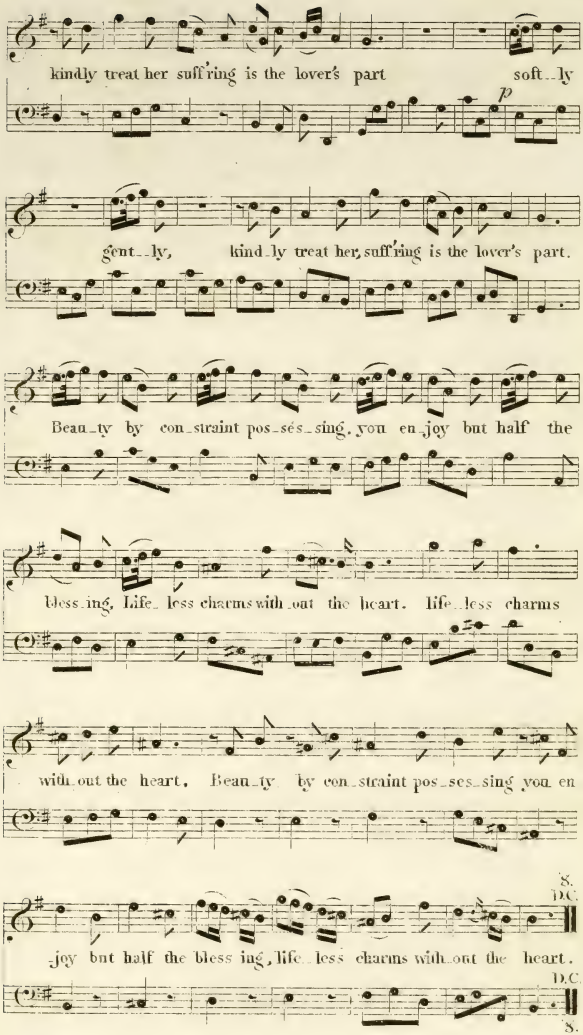
D. Arnold.

Sung by Mr. Braham in the Castle of Andalusia.
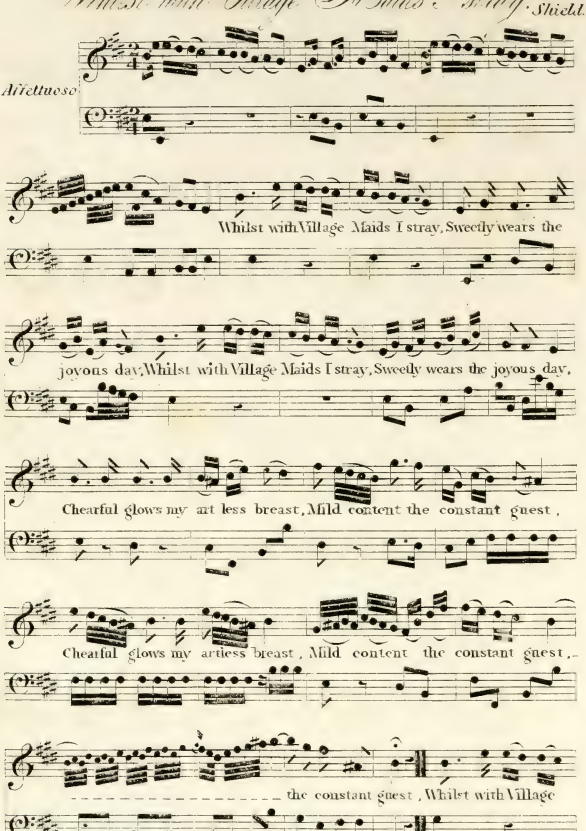
Grazioso.
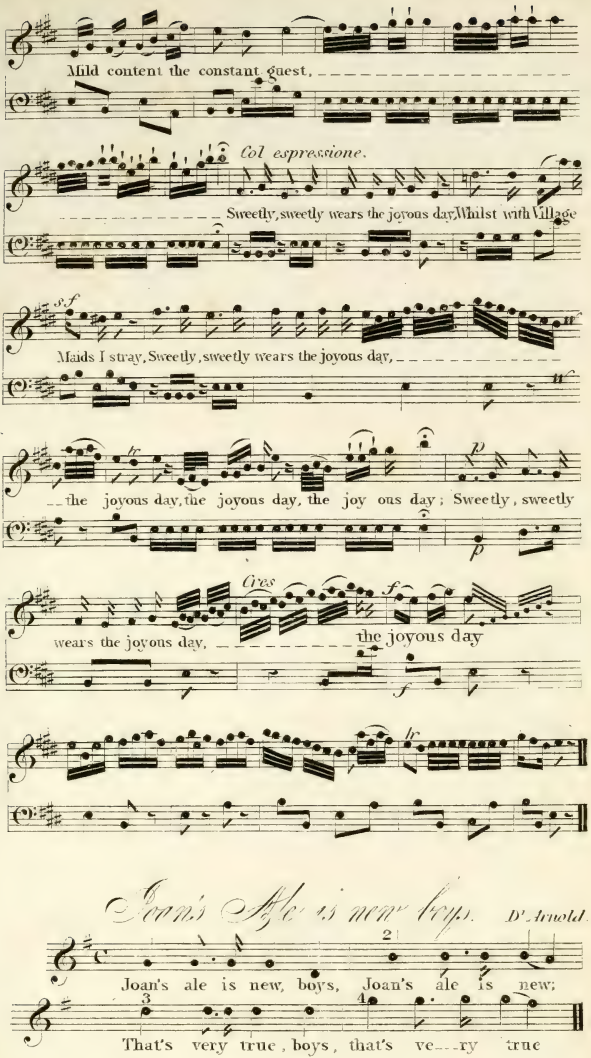



Would you gain the tender Creature.
Sung by Mr Allen in Acis & Galatea.
Handel
Allegro.
Would you gain the ten_der crea ture, soft ly gent_ly
kind_ly treat her, Suff'ring is the lo.ver's part. softly,
gent_ly, softly, gently kindly treat her suff 'ring
is the lover's part. would you
f
p
gain the tender creature, the tender creature, softly, gently,
mf
p
kindly treat her soft_ly, gent_ly, softly, gently,
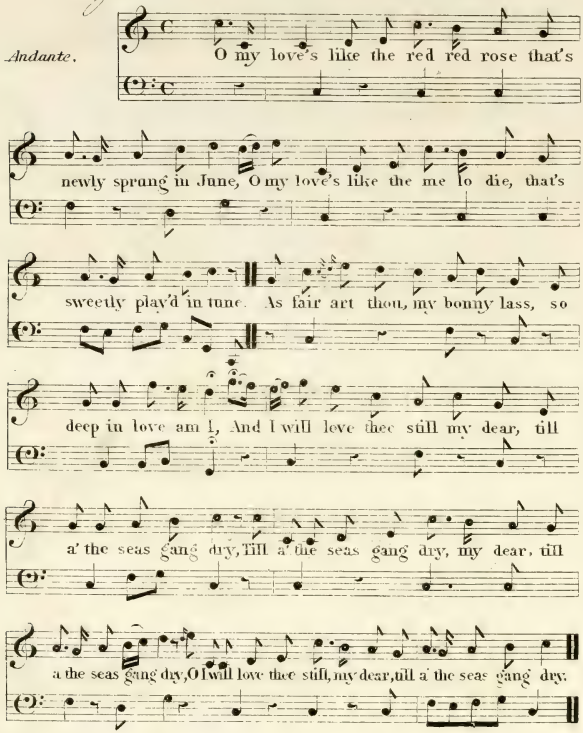

kindly treat her suff'ring is the lover's part soft_ly
p
gent_ly, kind_ly treat her, suff'ring is the lover's part.
Beau_ty by con_straint pos_sés_sing, you en_joy but half the
bless_ing, Life_ less charms with_out the heart. life_less charms
with_out the heart, Beau_ty by con_straint pos_ses_sing you en
8.
D.C.
_joy but half the bless ing, life_less charms with_out the heart.
D.C
8.

Whilst with Village Maids I Stray. Shield.




Mild content the constant guest,
Col espressione.
Sweetly, sweetly wears the joyous day, Whilst with Village
s.f
Maids I stray, Sweetly, sweetly wears the joyous day,
the joyous day, the joyous day, the joy ous day; Sweetly, sweetly
Cres
wears the joyous day,
the joyous day
Joan's Ale is new boys.
D'Arnold.
Joan's ale is new, boys, Joan's ale is new;
That's very true, boys, that's ve---ry true
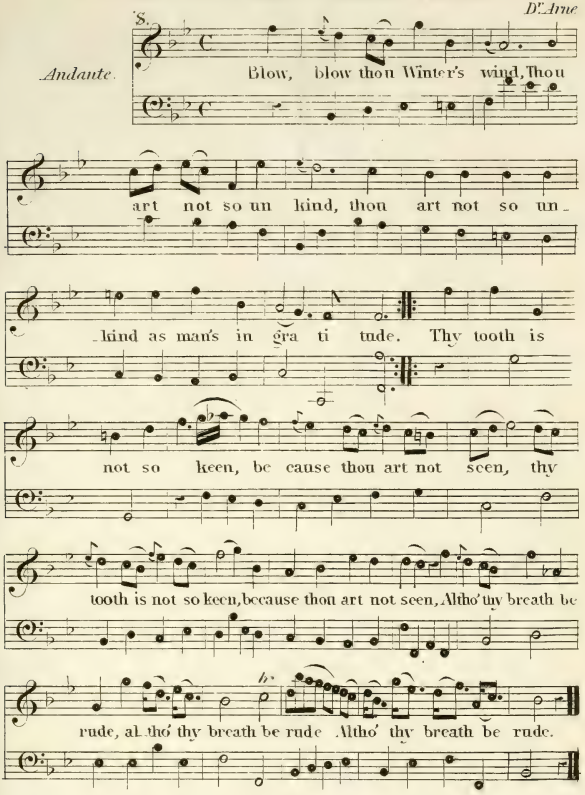
O my Love is like the red red Rose.



Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun,
I will love thee still my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
Then fare thee well, my only love,
O fare thee well awhile,
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.
Tho' 'twere ten, &c.

Blow, blow thou Winter's Wind.
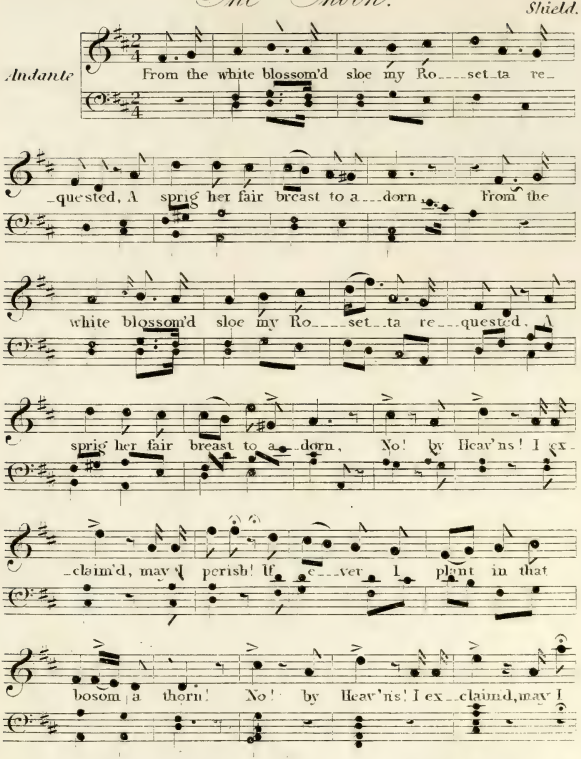
D'Arne



Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friends remember 'd not.

The Thorn.

Shield.



Then I shew'd her the ring and implor'd her to marry!
She blush'd like the dawning of morn,
Yes! I'll consent, she replied if you'll promise,
That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

No! By Heav'ns! &c.



Happy happy we.

Duet by Handel.

Acis.

Presto.
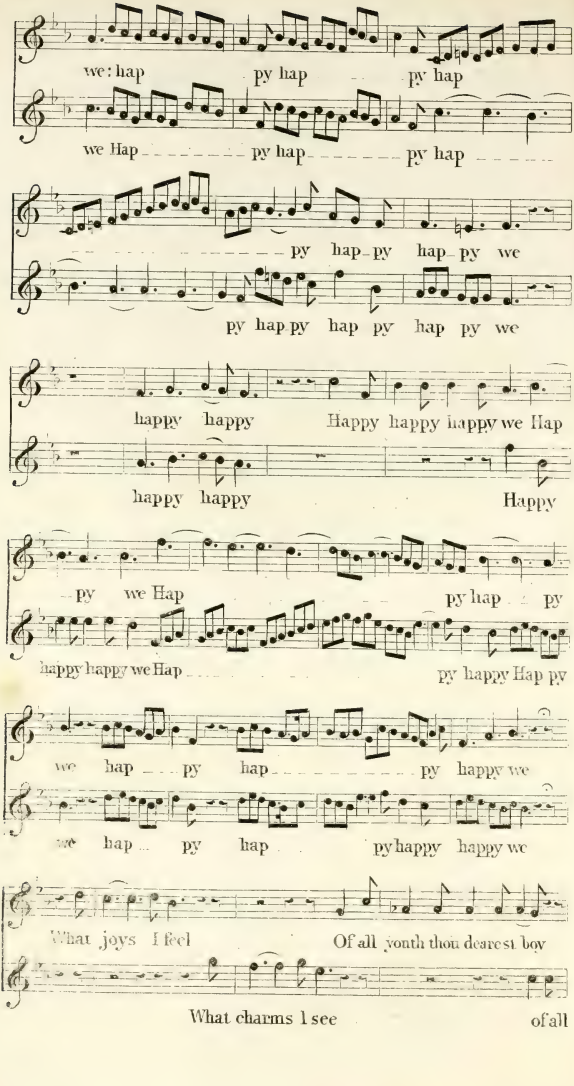
Galatea.

Happy! happy! happy! happy! happy

Happy! happy! Happy! happy!

we! Happy, happy! happy we! hap - py

Happy! happy! happy we! hap - py happy


we: hap py hap py hap
we Hap py hap py hap
py hap py hap py we
py hap py hap py hap py we
happy happy Happy happy happy we Hap
happy happy Happy
py we Hap py hap py
happy happy we Hap py happy Hap py
we hap py hap py happy we
we hap py hap py happy happy we
What joys I feel Of all youth thou dearest boy
What charms I see of all

Thou all my bliss, thou

Nymphs the brightest fair Thou all my bliss, thou

all my joy! Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy. What

all my joy! Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy.

joy I feel Of all youth thou dearest boy

What charms I see Of all

Thou all my bliss, thou

Nymphs thou brightest fair Thou all my bliss, thou

all my joy, Thou all my bliss thou all my joy
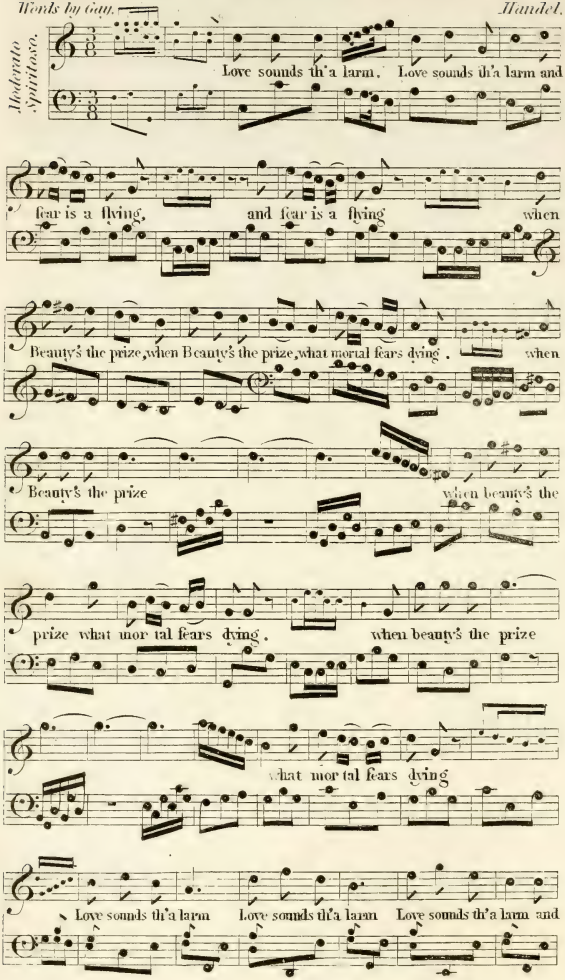
all my joy, Thou all my bliss thou all my joy. *D.C. al seg.*
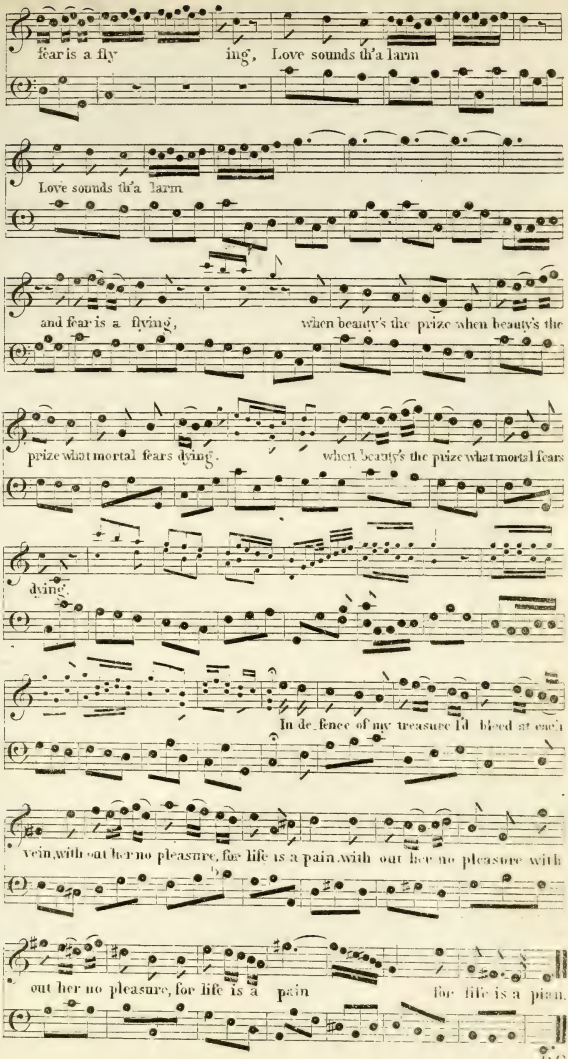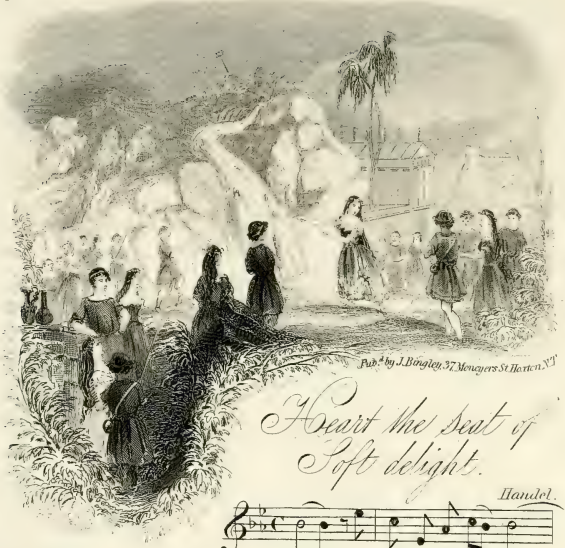


Love sounds the alarm.

Words by Gay. Handel.

Moderato Spiritoso.




fear is a fly ing, Love sounds th'a larm
Love sounds th'a larm
and fear is a flying, when beauty's the prize when beauty's the
prize what mortal fears dying. when beauty's the prize what mortal fears
dying.
In de fence of my treasure I'd bleed at each
vein, with out her no pleasure, for life is a pain with out her no pleasure with
out her no pleasure, for life is a pain for life is a pain.
D.C.



Heart the Seat of Soft delight.

Handel.

Words by Gay.

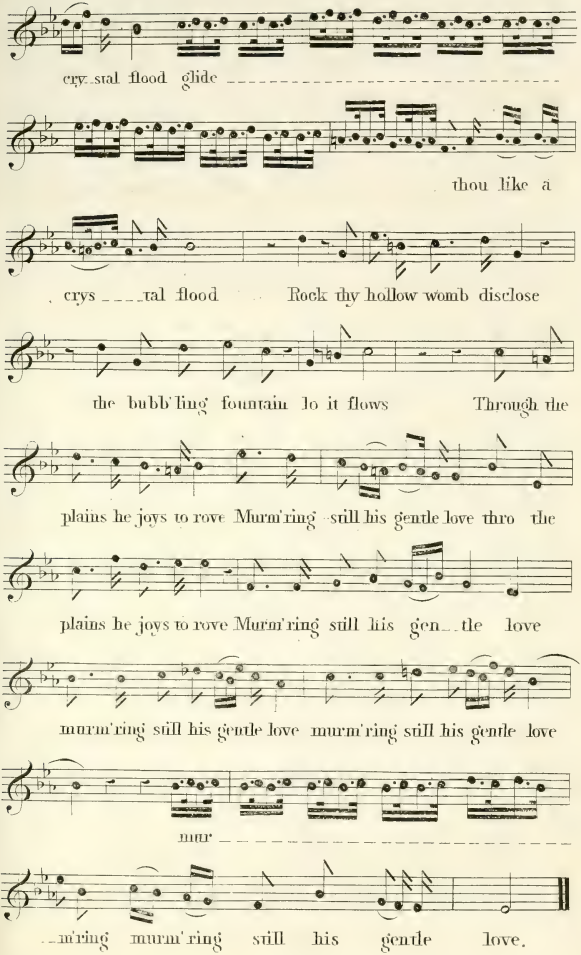
Heart the seat of soft de_light

Be thou now a foun_tain bright

Heart the seat of soft delight Heart the seat of soft delight

Be thou now a fountain bright Purple be no more thy
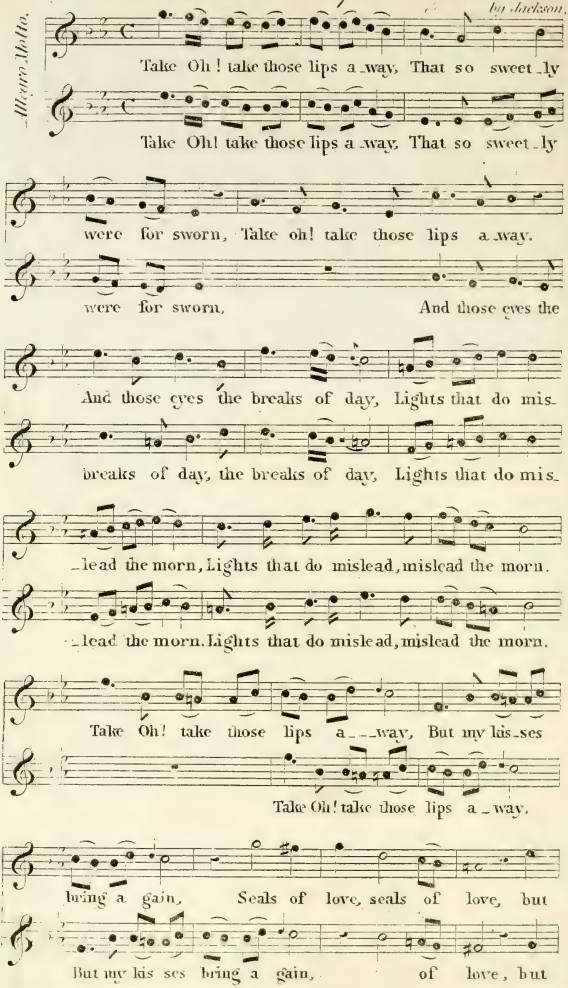
blood Glide thou like a Cry_stal flood glide thou like a
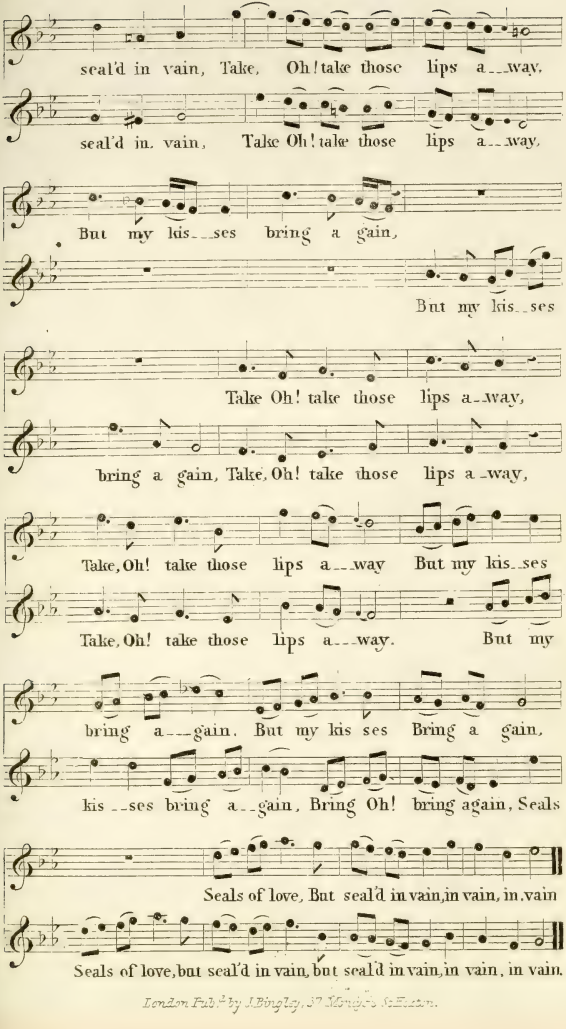

cry stal flood glide
thou like a
crys tal flood Rock thy hollow womb disclose
the bubb'ling fountain lo it flows Through the
plains he joys to rove Murm'ring still his gentle love thro the
plains he joys to rove Murm'ring still his gen tle love
murm'ring still his gentle love murm'ring still his gentle love
mur
m'ring murm'ring still his gentle love.

Take, oh! take those lips away.

Canzonet by Jackson.

Measure Motto.
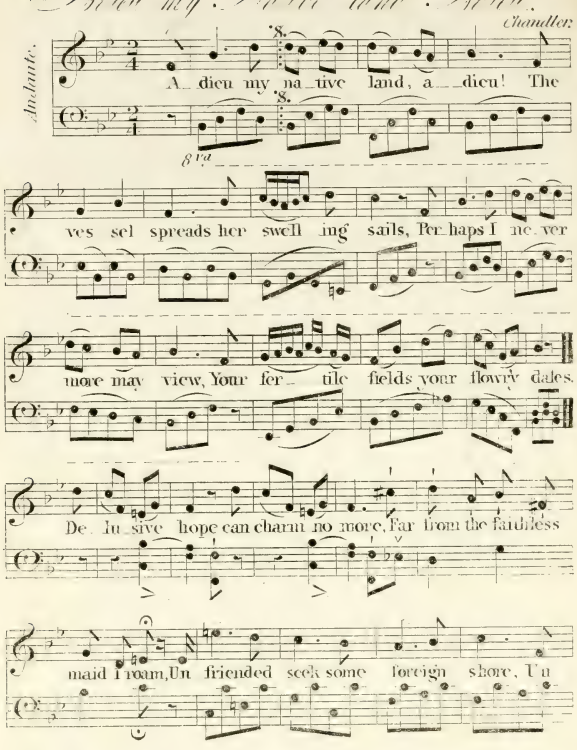




London Pub.d by J. Bingley, 37 Monmouth St. Strand.

Adieu my Native Land! Adieu.

Chandler.
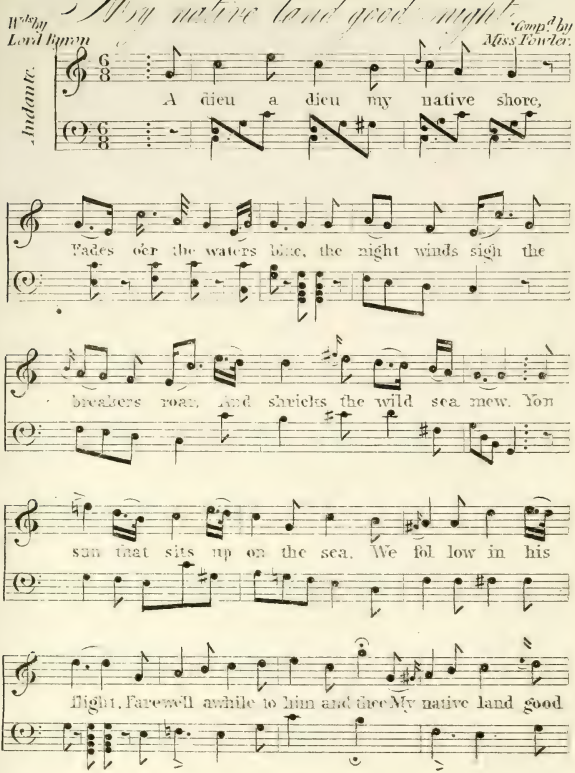


In vain thro' shades of frowning night
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore,
Deep sinks the fiery orb of night,
I view thy beacons now no more.

Rise billows rise! blow hollow wind!
Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear,
Ye friendly bear me hence to find
That peace which fate denies me here!

My native land good night

Wrds by Lord Byron

Comp.d by Miss Fowler.
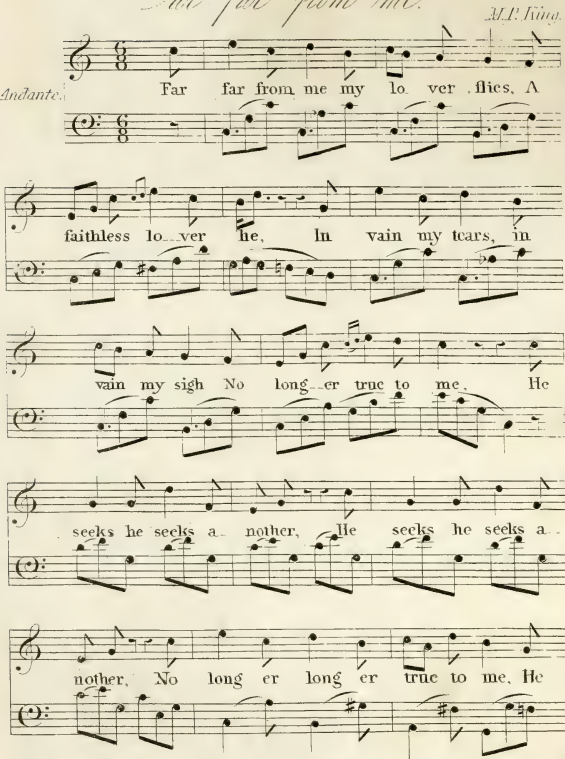


With thee my bark I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine.
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine!

Welcome, welcome ye dark blue waves
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome ye deserts and ye caves!
My native land good night!

Far far from me!

M.P. King.



Lie still my heart, no longer grieve,
No pangs to him betray,
Who taught you those sad sighs to heave,
Then laughing went away.
To seek another.

London J. Bingley 37 Monmouth St. Bedford.



Laughing Catch.

By Dr. Harrington

1 I can not sing this Catch, I shall

2 For shame you sil ly Calf, don't you

3 Look at his

laugh, I shall laugh ah, ah, ah, ah! I shall

laugh, don't you laugh, don't you laugh, you will not sing it

Face! ha, ha, ha, ha! look! look at his Face! ha, ha, ha,

laugh, shall laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha! O dear I shall

half, but make us all to laugh, make us all all to

when he sings the Bass; look! look! at his
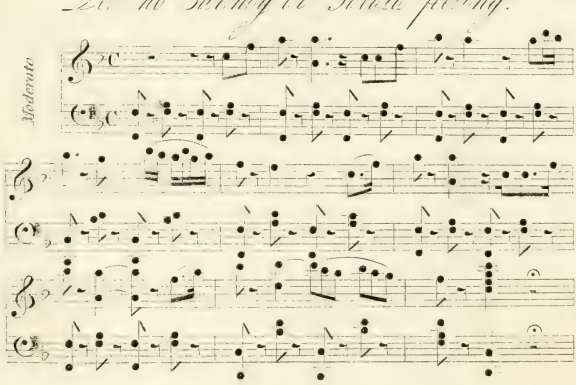
2 laugh ha, ha, ha!

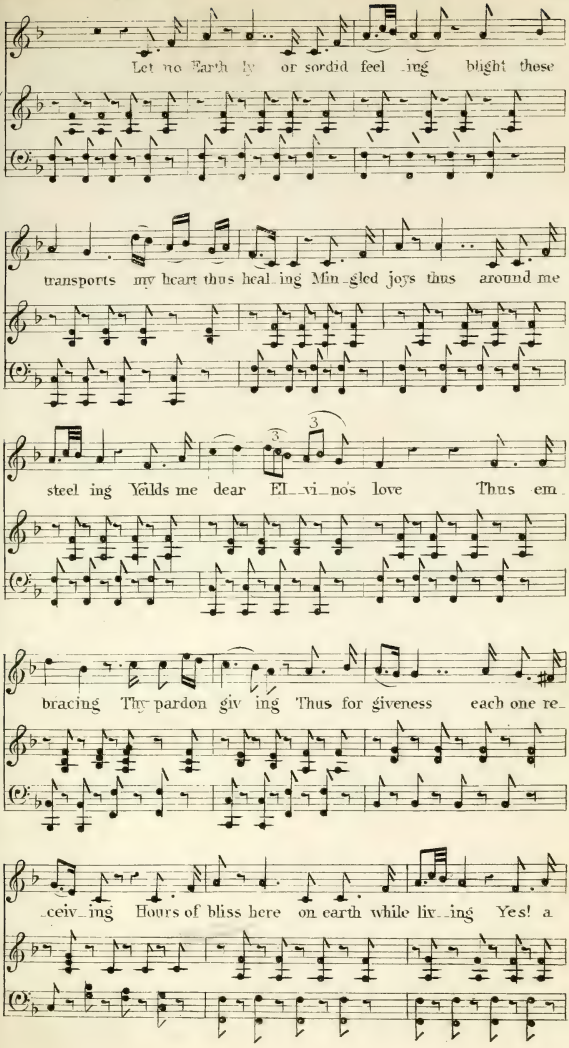
3 laugh ha, ha, ha!

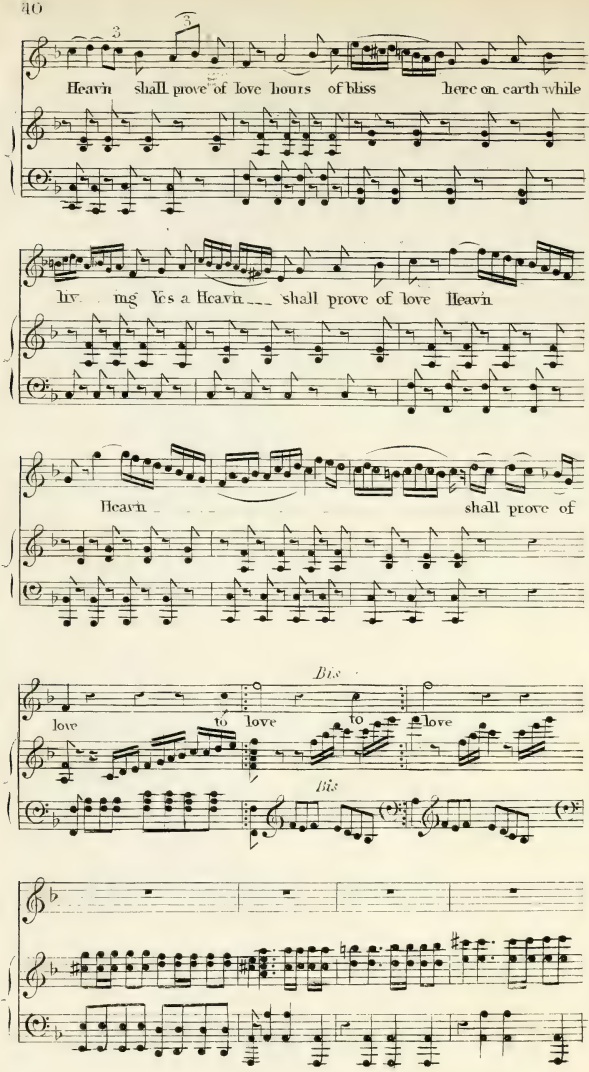
1 Face, ha ha, ha, ha!
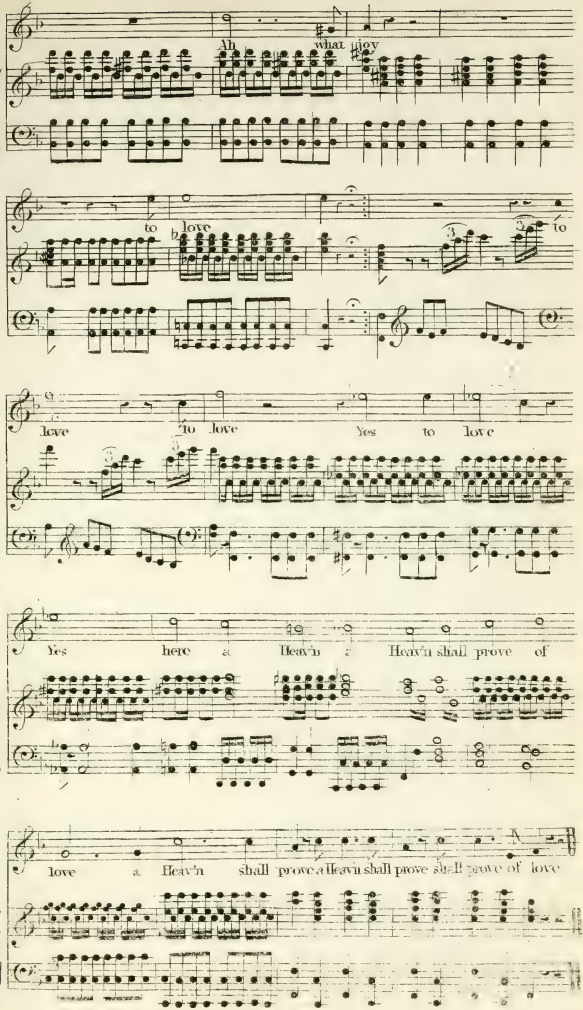


Let no Earthly or sordid feeling.
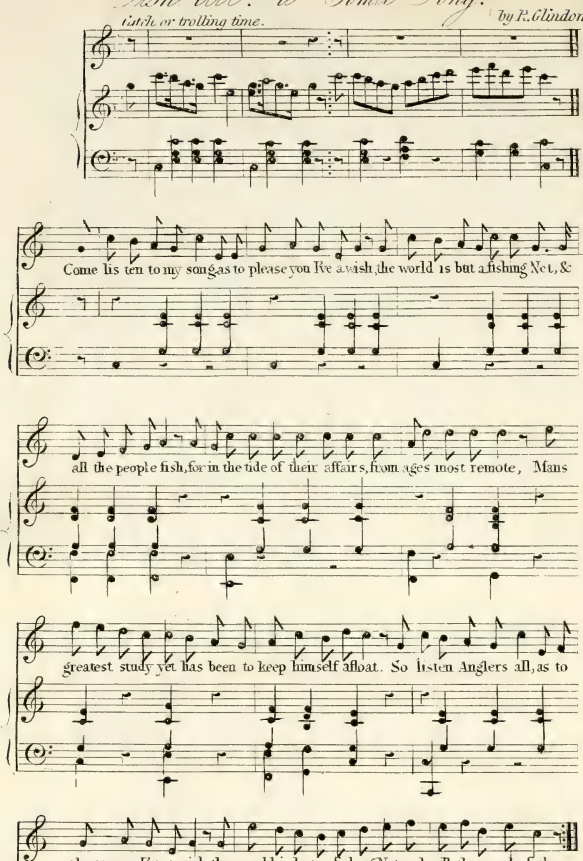



Let no Earth ly or sordid feel ing blight these
transports my heart thus heal ing Min gled joys thus around me
steel ing Yields me dear El vi no's love Thus em
bracing Thy pardon giv ing Thus for giveness each one re
ceiv ing Hours of bliss here on earth while liv ing Yes! a


Heavn shall prove of love hours of bliss here on earth while
liv mg lves a Heavn shall prove of love Heavn
Heavn shall prove of
Bis
love to love to love
Bis


Ah what joy
to love
to
love to love Yes to love
Yes here a Heav'n a Heav'n shall prove of
love a Heav'n shall prove a Heav'n shall prove shall prove of love

Fish all! a Comic Song.

Catch or trolling time. by P. Glindon.



2

The *Banker* he's a *Gold fish*, to this you will agree,
Of *Soles* and *Eels* the *Cobler* is a compound you may see,
Cocknies are *fresh water fish* they're *Chubb & Roach & Dace*,
And *Statesmen* are all *fishermen* each *hooking* after *place*,
Then listen, &c.

3

The *Miser* he's a *Scaly fish* in this I am not erring,
Soldiers they are apt to *Carp* if you call them *red herring*,
An *Alderman's* a *turtle* fine at least so I've it booked,
And Policemen they are *lobsters blue*, *not* never have been *cooked*,
Then listen, &c.

4

The *Lasses* are all *Maids* so nice which no one will gainsay,
But *slippery* as *eels* they prove if they dont have their own way,
Old Maidens, they're all *Thornbacks & most old men* are *Crabs*,
Schoolmasters wale their pupils backs & give them lots of *dabs*,
Then listen, &c.

5

A *Punster* he's a *Sword fish*, *sharp* & pointed 'bout the *gills*
The *Doctor* never tires of *ache*, *Ittike*, so sells *Rheumatic* Pills,
The *Drunkard* he's a *bottle nose* or *porpoise rhumdered caught*,
And folks all know a *flying fish* is *Green* the *æramnut*,
Then listen &c.
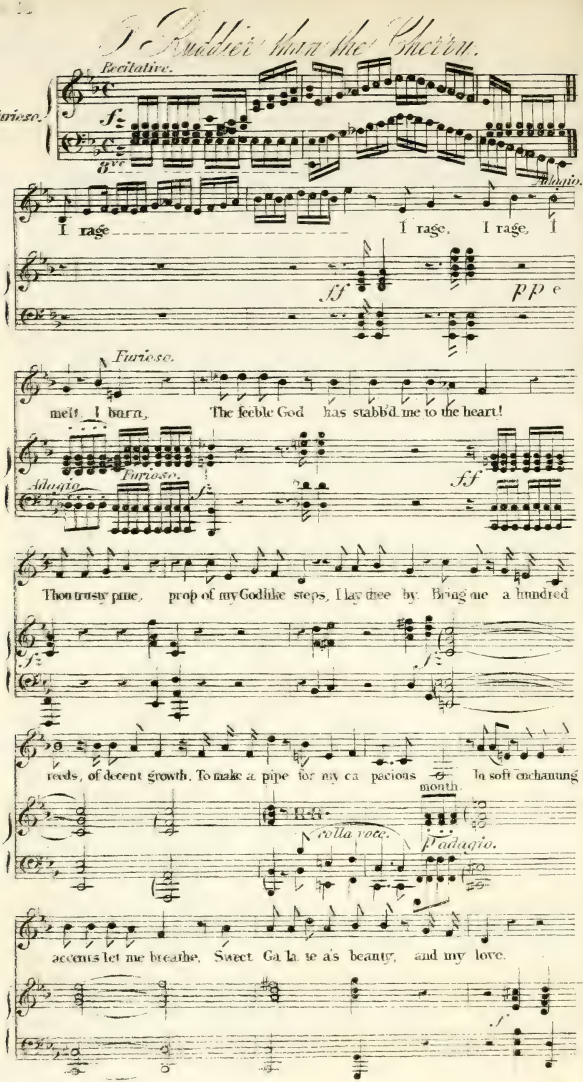
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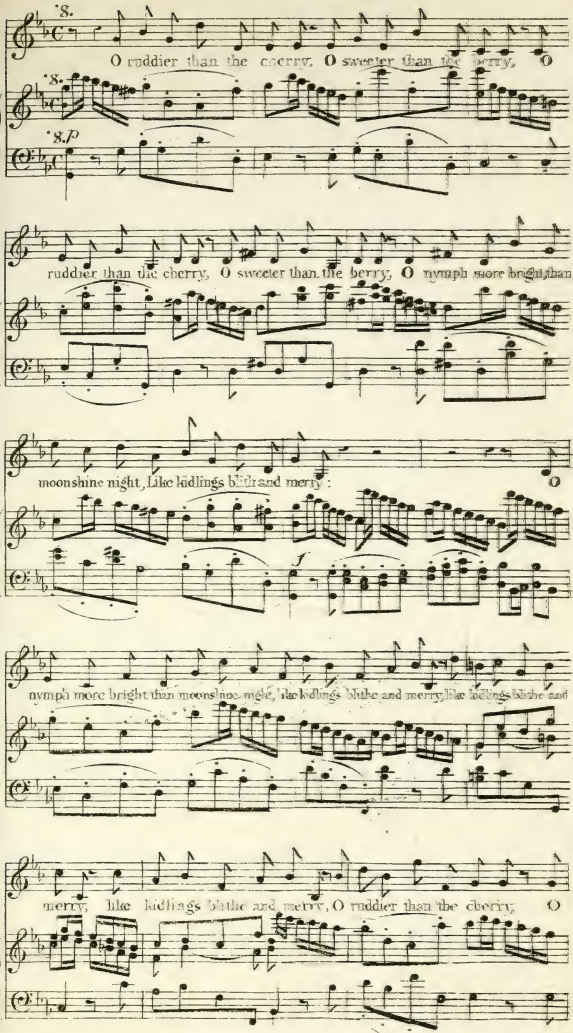
Our *Small fry Sprats & minnows* are yet brisk as *Perch & Bream*,
Our *Millers Whiting & White bait* found *floating* with the *stream*,
A *Lawyer* he's a *fish of prey* a *Shark* a *Jack* a *Pike*,
His *Client* he's a *flat fish*, or a *gudgeon* which you like,
Then listen, &c.
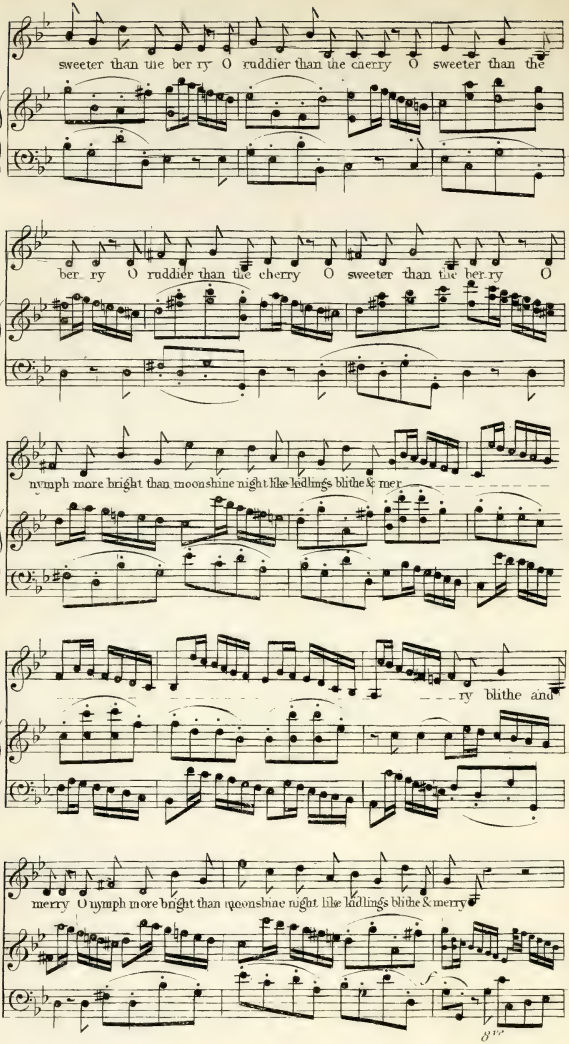
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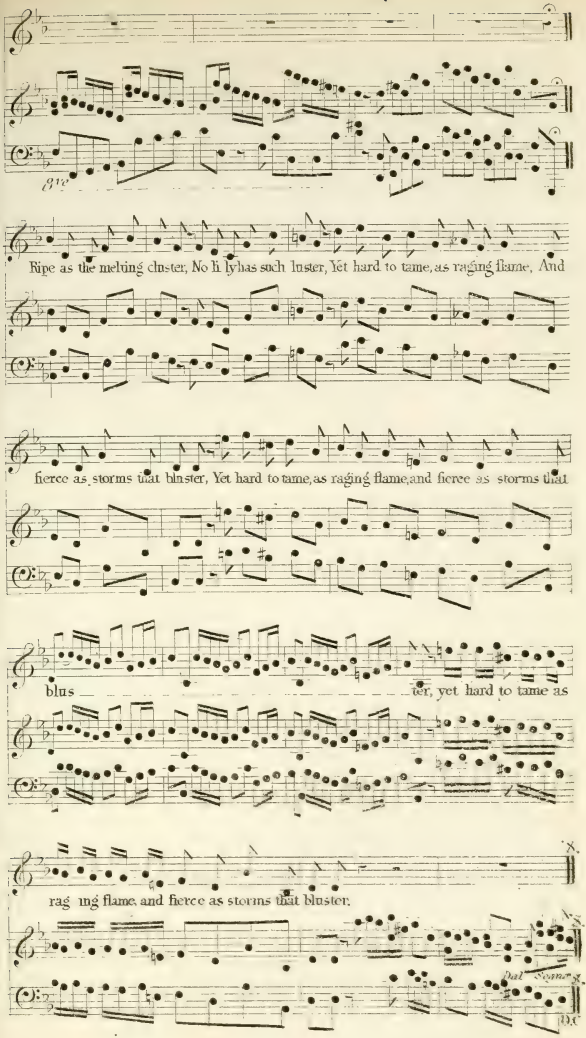
So *Gentles* all I Trust you will most graciously incline,
To own like *Trout* I've *tickled* ye and *caught* you with my *line*,
And if you will but own youre pleased I promise great & small
To treat you with a *dish of fish* next *fry day* if you call,
Then listen, &c.




I shudder thro' the Shrew.
Recitative.
Furioso.
Adagio.
I rage I rage, I rage, I
Furioso.
melt, I burn, The feeble God has stabb'd me to the heart!
Adagio
Furioso.
Thou trusty pine, prop of my Godlike steps, I lay thee by. Bring me a hundred
reeds, of decent growth. To make a pipe for my ca pacious mouth. In soft enchanting
Volla voce.
Adagio.
accents let me breathe, Sweet Ga la te a's beauty, and my love.
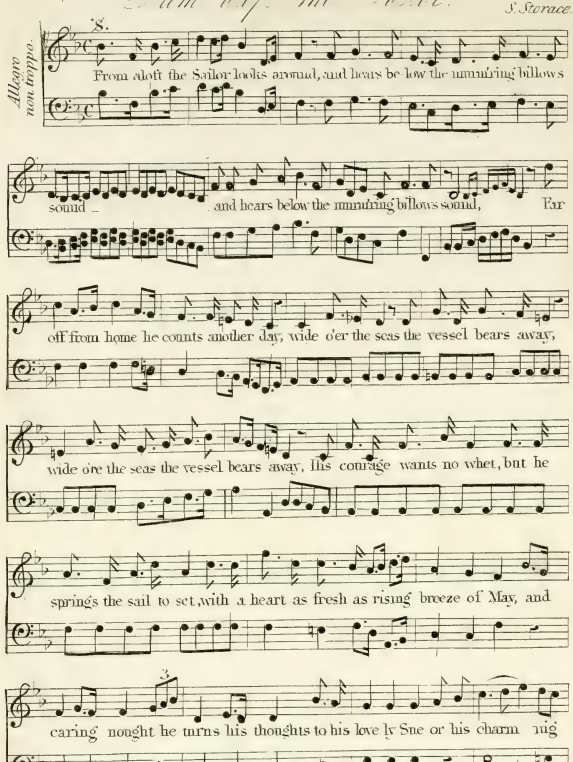

8.
O ruddier than the cherry, O sweeter than the berry, O
8.
8.p
ruddier than the cherry, O sweeter than the berry, O nymph more bright than
moonshine night, Like kidlings blithe and merry:
O
f
nymph more bright than moonshine night, like kidlings blithe and merry, like kidlings blithe and
merry, like kidlings blithe and merry, O ruddier than the cherry, O


sweeter than the ber ry O ruddier than the cherry O sweeter than the
ber ry O ruddier than the cherry O sweeter than the ber ry O
nymph more bright than moonshine night like ladlings blithe & mer
ry blithe and
merry O nymph more bright than moonshine night like ladlings blithe & merry
8va


Ripe as the melting cluster, No li ly has such luster, Yet hard to tame, as raging flame, And
fierce as storms that blaster, Yet hard to tame, as raging flame, and fierce as storms that
blus ter, yet hard to tame as
rag ing flame and fierce as storms that bluster.
Dal Segno

From aloft the Sailor.

S. Storace.



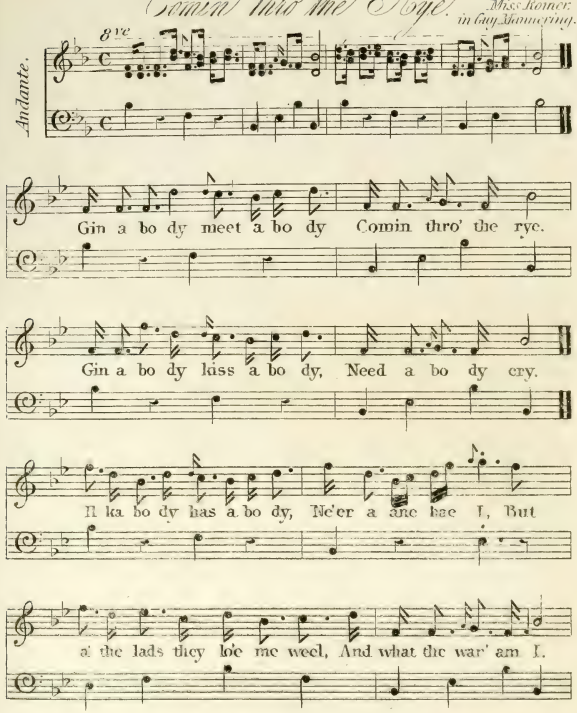
Now to heav'n the lofty topmast soars,
The stormy blast like dreadful thunder roars,
Now oceans deepest gulfs appear below,
The curling surges foam and down we go.

When Skies and Seas are met,
They his courage serve to whet,
With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,
And dreading nought &c:

Pub.d by J. Bingley 57, Mewyers Str. Hoxton.

Comin thro the Rye.

Sung by Miss Romer in Guy Mannering.



Gin a body meet a body
Comin fra the well;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body tell.
Ilka body,&c.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin fra the town,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body frown.

Ilka Jenny has her Jocky,
Ne'er a ane hae I;
But a' the lads they loe me well,
And what the war'am I.

Pub.d by J.Bingley 37, Monegers Str. Hoxton.



When the rosy Morn appearing.

Shield.
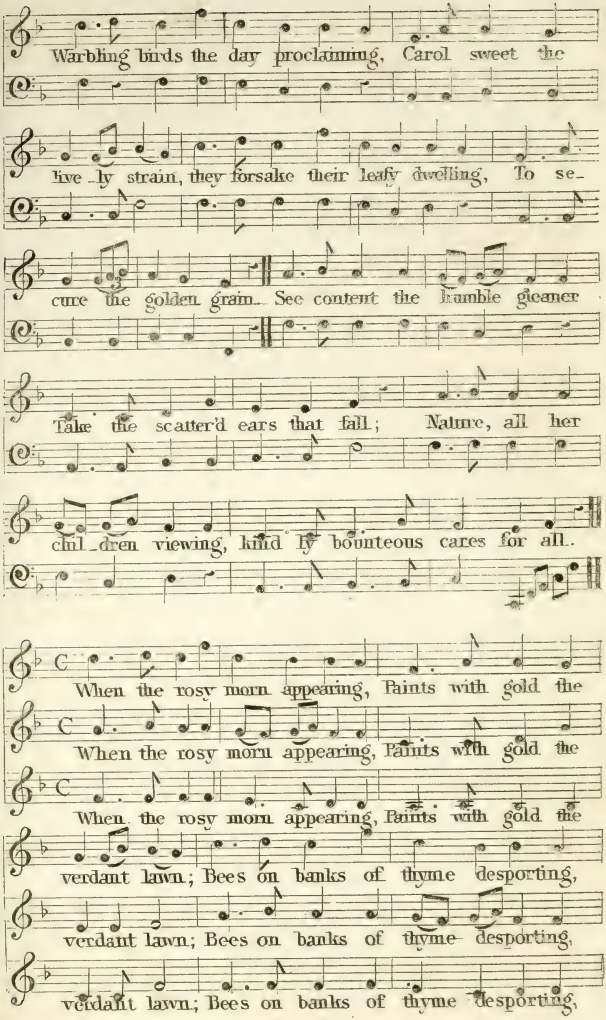
Piano

Forte

Moderato

When the ro_sy morn appearing Paints with gold the verdant lawn

Bees on banks of thyme disporting Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.


Warbling birds the day proclaiming, Carol sweet the
live-ly strain, they forsake their leafy dwelling, To se-
cure the golden grain. See content the humble gleaner
Take the scatter'd ears that fall; Nature, all her
chil-dren viewing, kind-ly bounteous cares for all.
When the rosy morn appearing, Paints with gold the
When the rosy morn appearing, Paints with gold the
When the rosy morn appearing, Paints with gold the
verdant lawn; Bees on banks of thyme desporting,
verdant lawn; Bees on banks of thyme desporting,
verdant lawn; Bees on banks of thyme desporting,

Sip the sweets and hail the dawn. Warbling birds the

Sip the sweets and hail the dawn. Warbling birds the

Sip the sweets and hail the dawn. Warbling birds the

day proclaiming Carol sweet the live_ly strain; They for_

day proclaiming Carol sweet the live_ly strain; They for_

day proclaiming Carol sweet the live_ly strain; They for_

sake their leaf_y dwelling, to secure the gold_en grain.
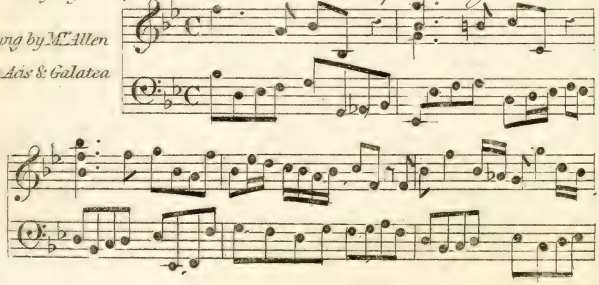
sake their leaf_y dwelling, to secure the gold_en grain.
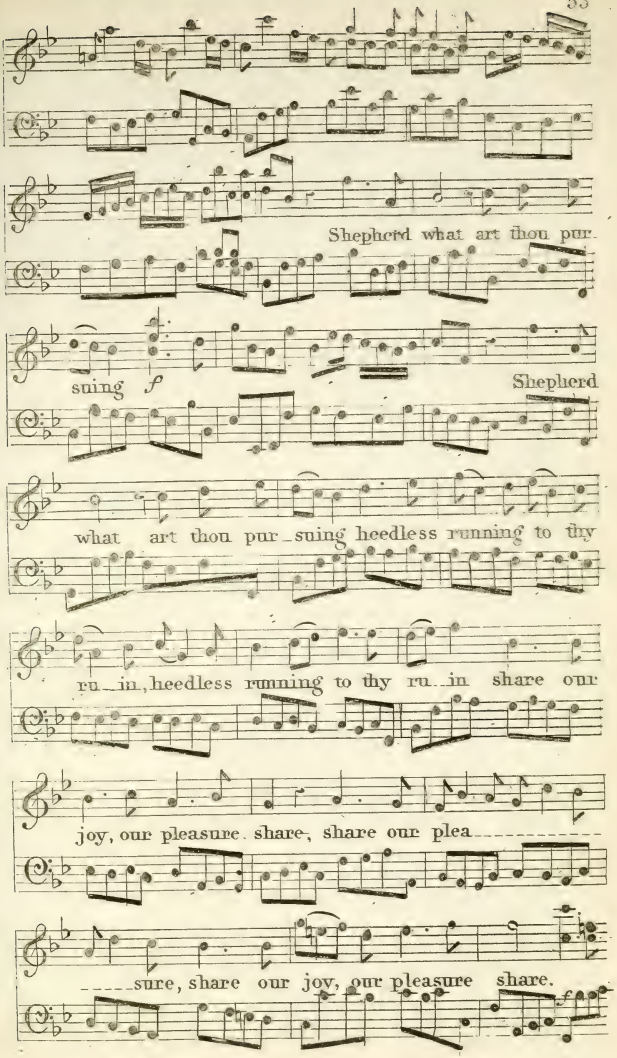
sake their leaf_y dwelling, to secure the gold_en grain.
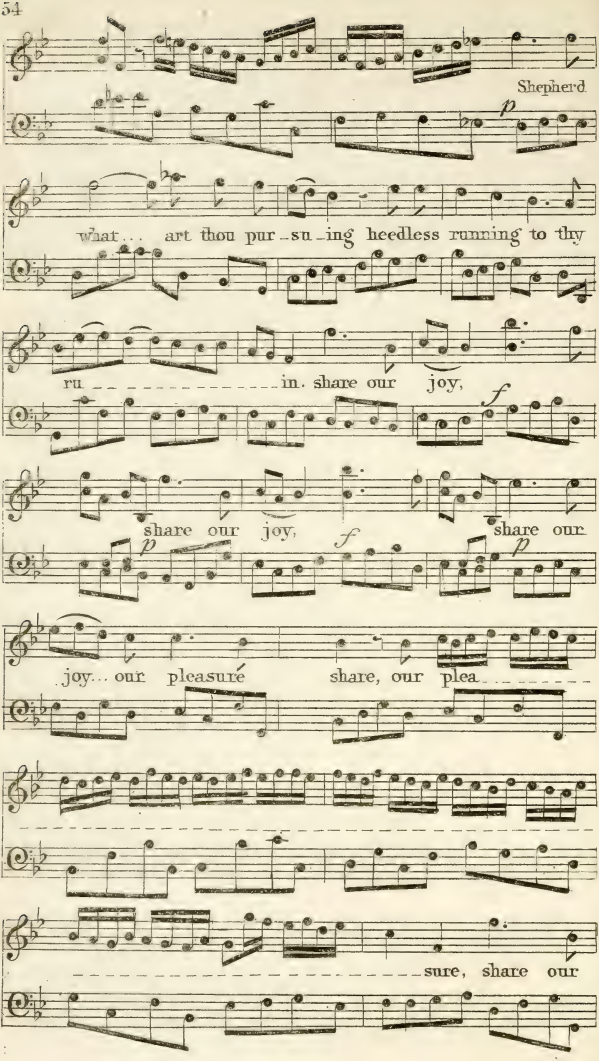
Shepherd what art thou pursuing.
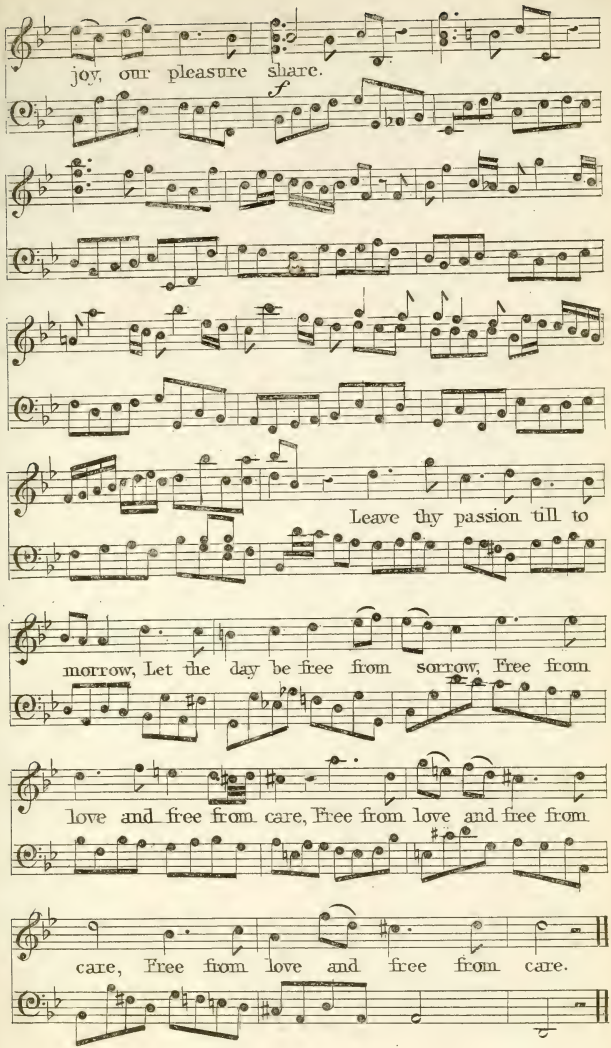
Words by Gay. *Handel*

Sung by Mr Allen in Acis & Galatea
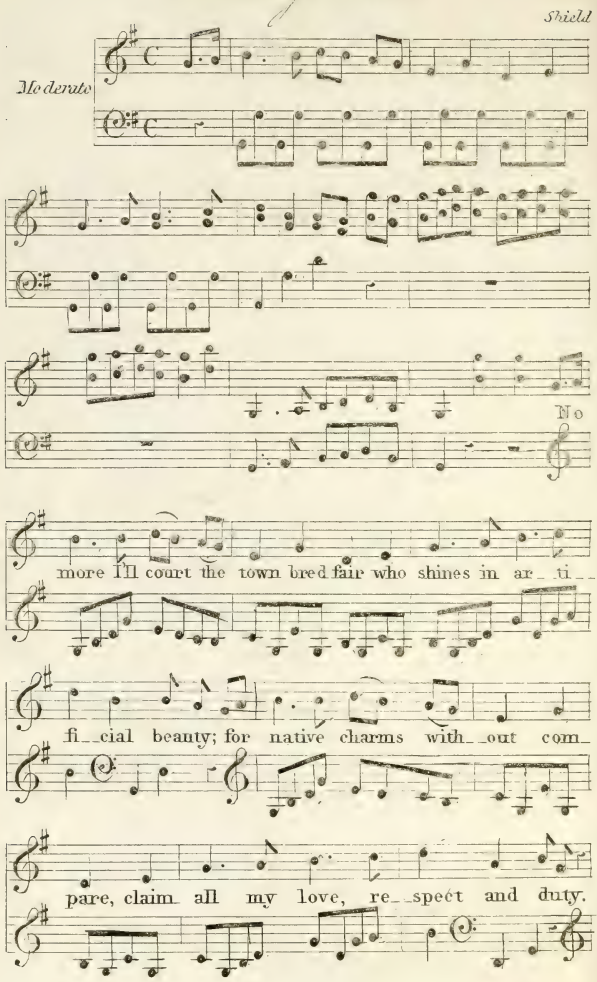



Shepherd what art thou pur
suing
Shepherd
what art thou pur_suing heedless running to thy
ru_in, heedless running to thy ru_in share our
joy, our pleasure share, share our plea
_____sure, share our joy, our pleasure share.
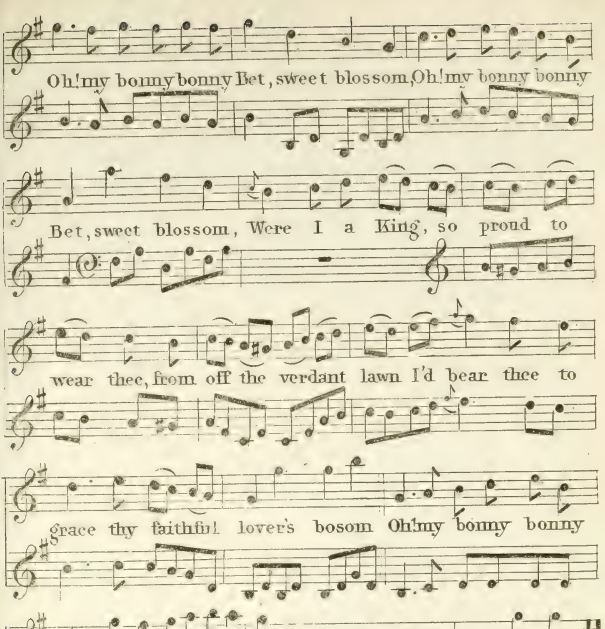

Shepherd.
p
what... art thou pur-su-ing heedless running to thy
ru-in. share our joy,
f
share our joy,
f
share our
p
p
joy... our pleasuré share, our plea-
sure, share our


joy, our pleasure share.
f
Leave thy passion till to
morrow, Let the day be free from sorrow, Free from
love and free from care, Free from love and free from
care, Free from love and free from care.

Bonny Bit

Shield
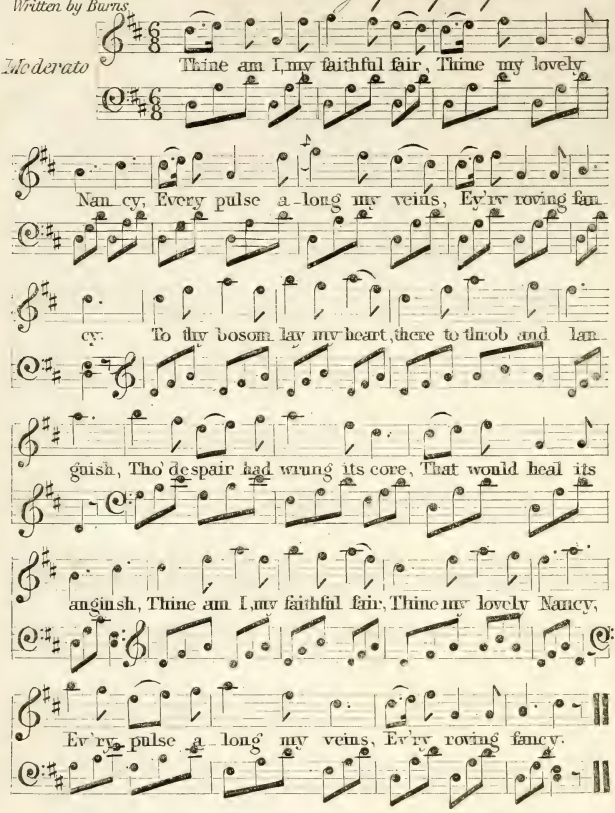




Yet ask me where those beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple;
In blooming cheek, or radiant eye,
Tis happy nature, wild and simple.
Oh! my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh in numbers trite & common;
Ye gods! one darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is lovely woman.
Oh! my bonny. &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl
Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing,
My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.
Oh! my bonny. &c.

Thine am' I my faithful fair.

Written by Burns.

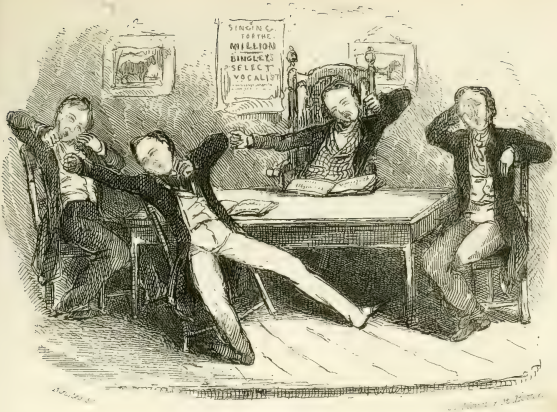


Take away those rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure,
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love,
Night without a morning,
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

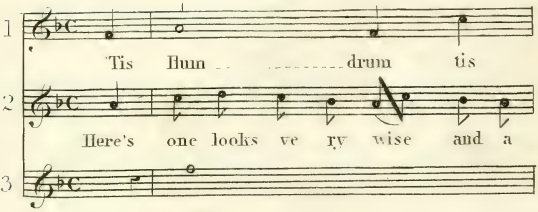
This is the original air to which the Bard adapted the above beautiful Ballad.

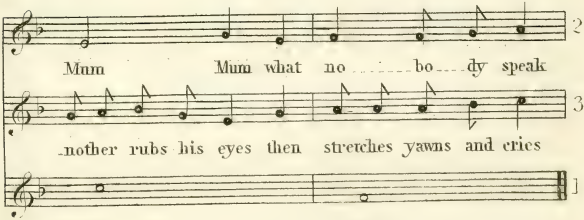
Pub.d by J. Bingley 37, Moneyers Str: Hoxton.



Taping Talk

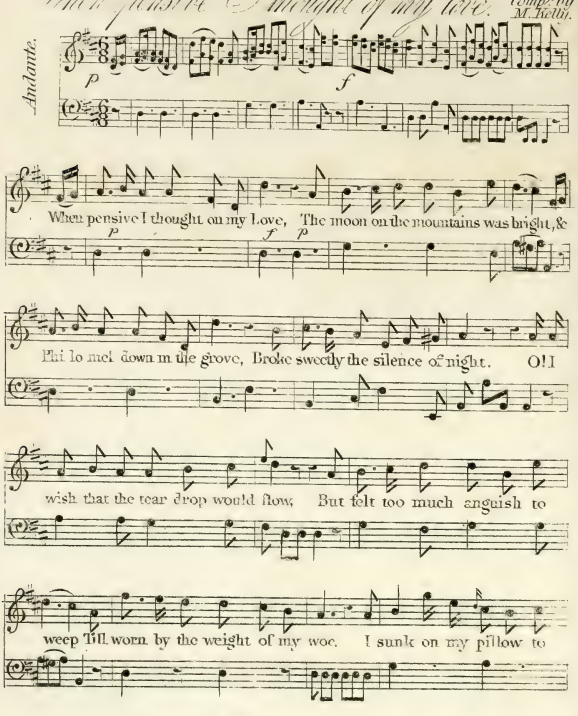
By D^r. Harrington.





When pensive I thought of my love.

Comp.d by M. Kelly.



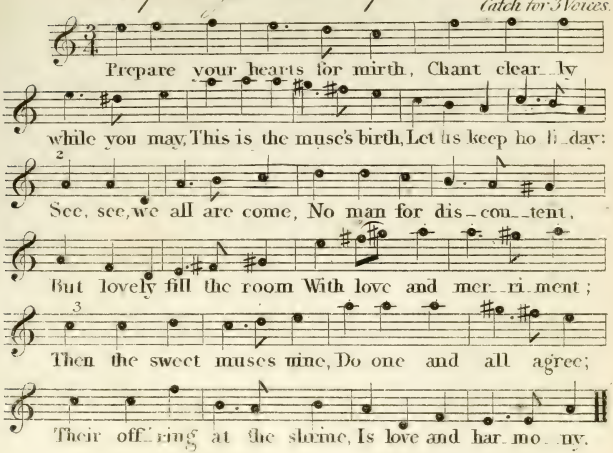
Me thought that me love as I lay.
His ringlets all clouded with gore;
In the paleness of death seem'd to say,
Alas! we must never meet more.

Yes, yes, my belov'd we must part
The steel of my rival prov'd true;
The assassin has struck on that heart,
Which beat with such fervour for you.

Pub.d by J. Bingley 37. Moneyers Str. Hoxton.

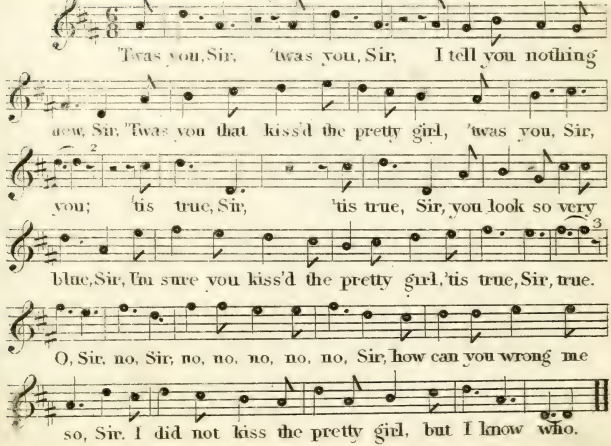
Prepare your hearts for mirth.

Catch for 3 Voices.



'Twas you, Sir!

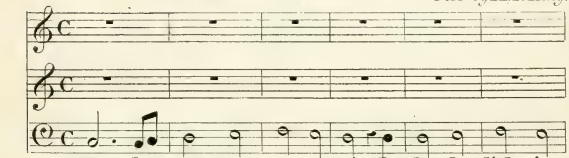
Catch for 3 Voices

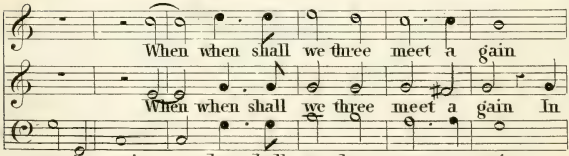


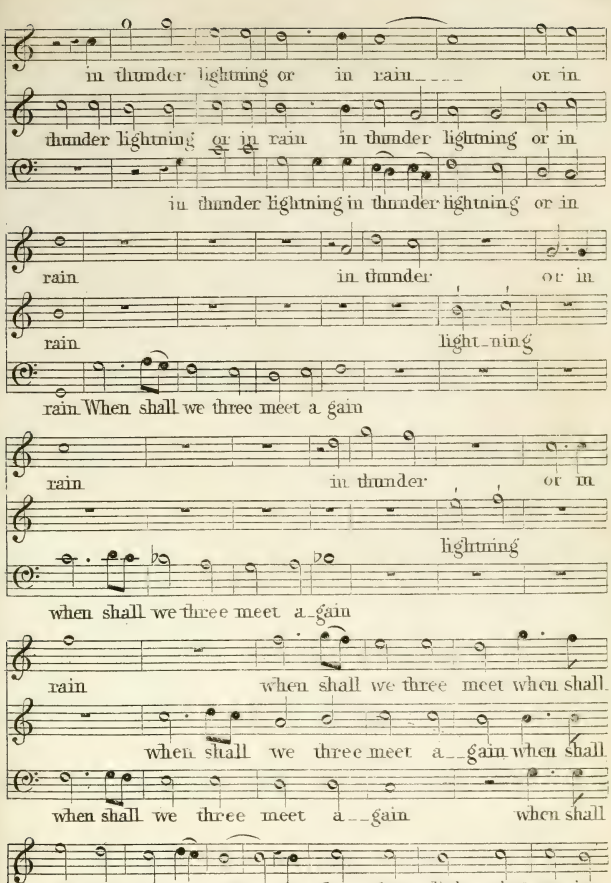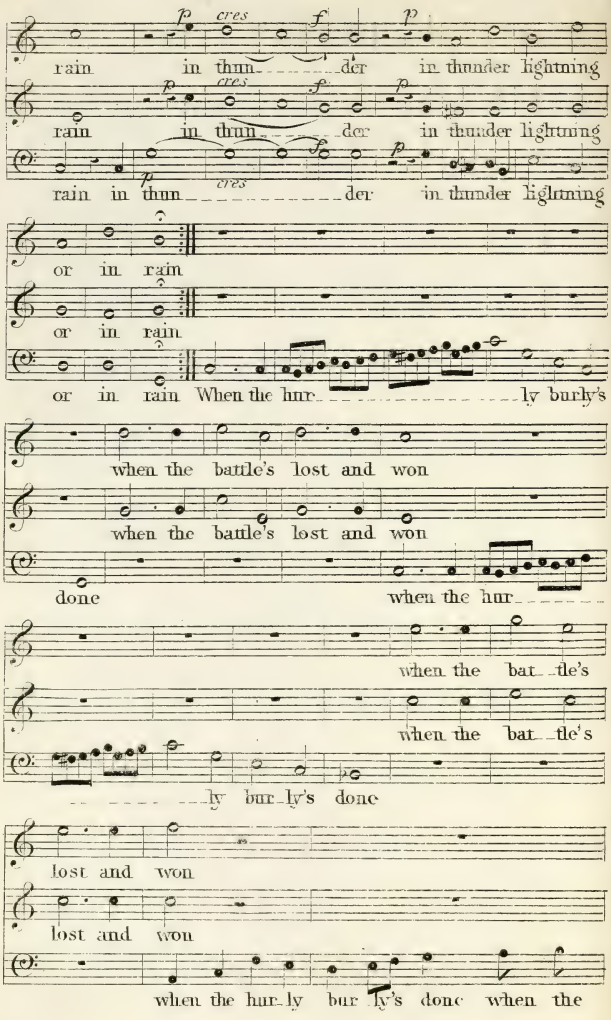


The Witches.
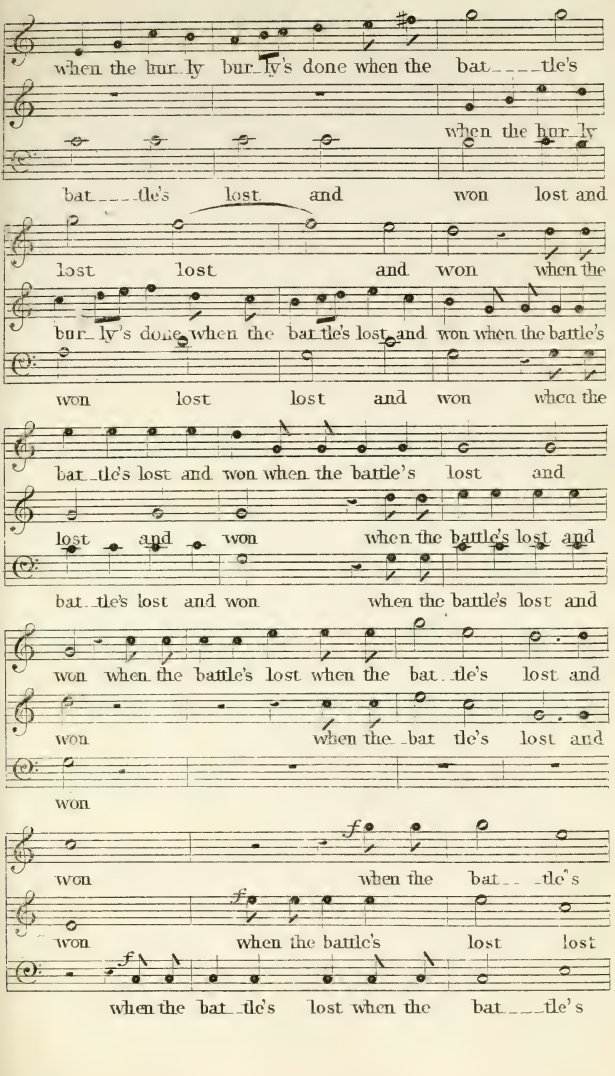
Glee by M. P. King.
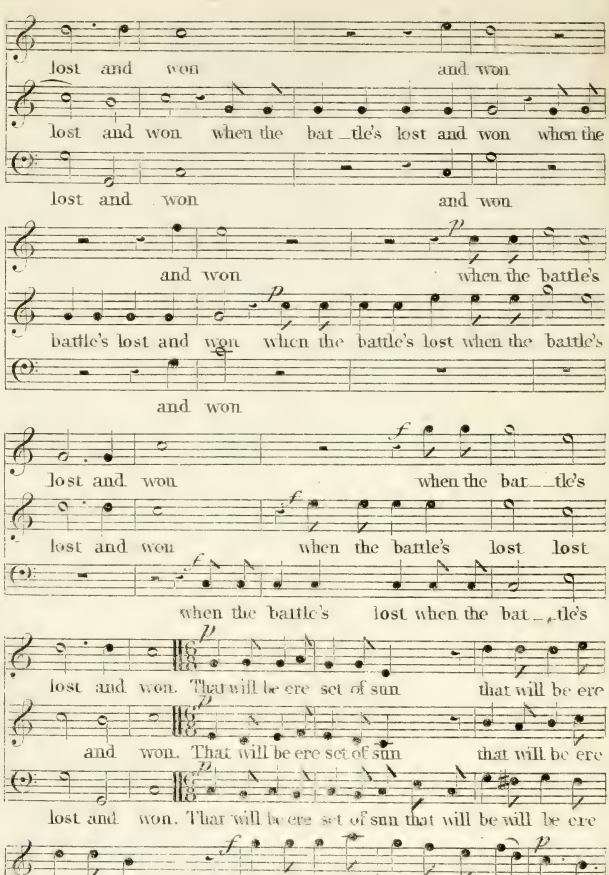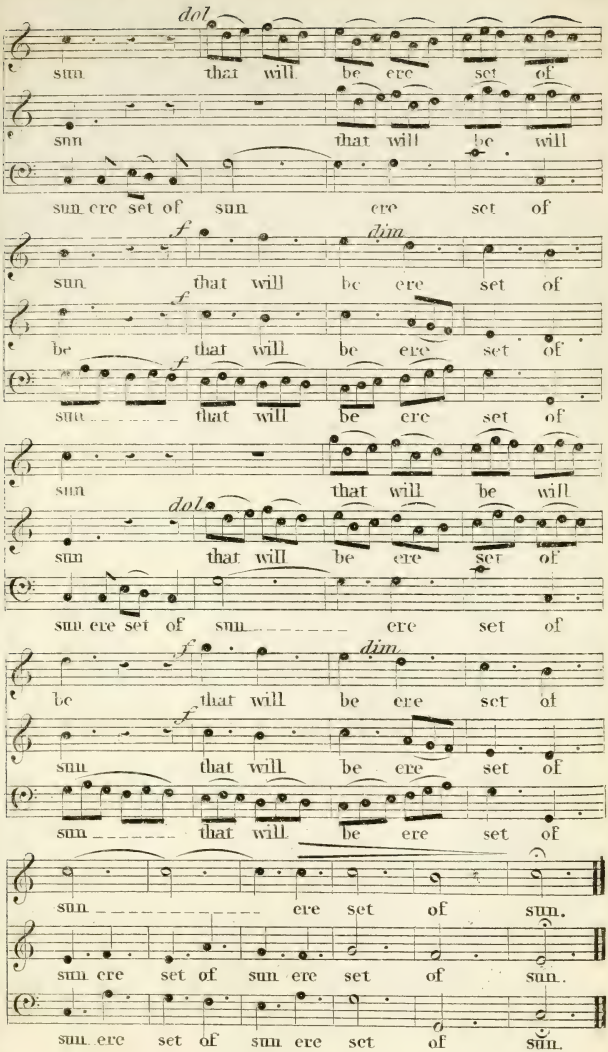





in thunder lightning or in rain or in
thunder lightning or in rain in thunder lightning or in
in thunder lightning in thunder lightning or in
rain in thunder or in
rain light-ning
rain When shall we three meet a gain
rain in thunder or in
lightning
when shall we three meet a-gain
rain when shall we three meet when shall
when shall we three meet a-gain when shall
when shall we three meet a-gain when shall
we three meet a-gain in thun-der light-ning or in
we three meet a-gain in thun-der light-ning or in
we three meet a-gain in thun-der light-ning or in


p cres f p
rain in thun der in thunder lightning
p cres f p
rain in thun der in thunder lightning
p cres f p
rain in thun der in thunder lightning
or in rain
or in rain
or in rain When the hur ly burly's
when the battle's lost and won
when the battle's lost and won
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when the bat tle's
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ly bur ly's done
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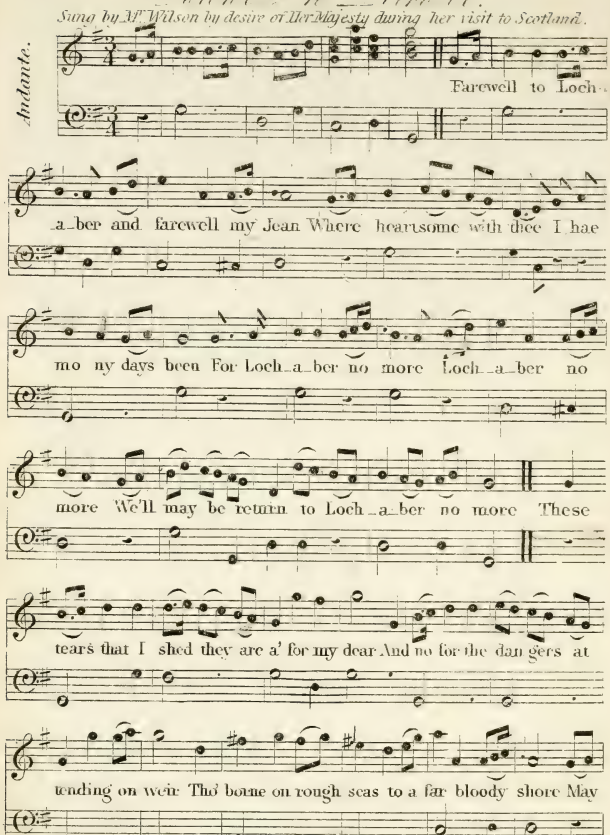

when the bur ly bur ly's done when the bat tle's
when the bur ly
bat tle's lost and won lost and
lost lost and won when the
bur ly's done when the bat tle's lost and won when the battle's
won lost lost and won when the
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won when the battle's lost when the bat tle's lost and
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won when the bat tle's
won when the battle's lost lost
when the bat tle's lost when the bat tle's


lost and won and won
lost and won when the bat_tle's lost and won when the
lost and won and won
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battle's lost and won when the battle's lost when the battle's
and won
lost and won when the bat_tle's
lost and won when the battle's lost lost
when the battle's lost when the bat_tle's
lost and won. That will be ere set of sun that will be ere
and won. That will be ere set of sun that will be ere
lost and won. That will be ere set of sun that will be will be ere
set of sun that will be ere set of sun ere set of
set of sun that will be ere set of sun ere set of
set of sun that will be will be ere set of sun ere set of


dol
sun that will be ere set of
sun that will be will
sun ere set of sun ere set of
f dim
sun that will be ere set of
f
be that will be ere set of
f
sun that will be ere set of
sun that will be will
dol
sun that will be ere set of
sun ere set of sun ere set of
f dim
be that will be ere set of
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sun that will be ere set of
sun that will be ere set of
sun ere set of sun.
sun ere set of sun ere set of sun.
sun ere set of sun ere set of sun.

Farewell to Loch-aber.

Sung by Mr Wilson by desire of Her Majesty during her visit to Scotland.



London. J.Bayley, 37 Moneyers St. Hoxton.

2

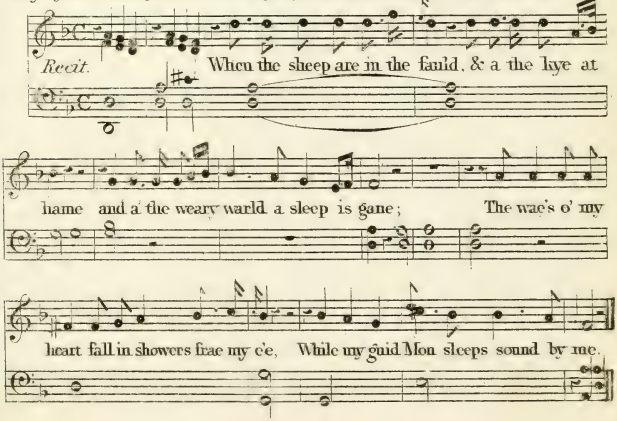
Tho' hurricanes rise, and rise ev'ry wind;
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind,
Tho' loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.
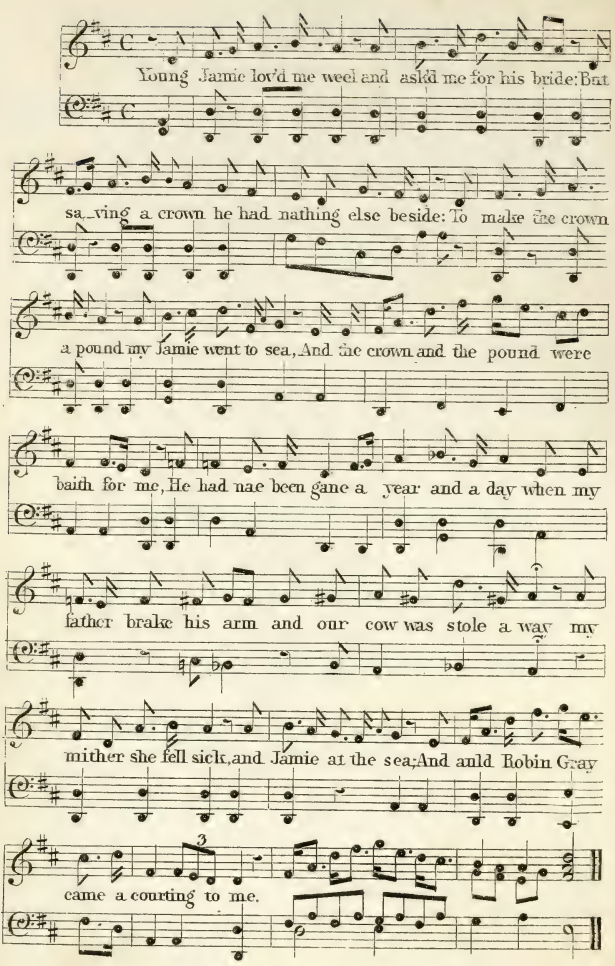
3

Then glory my Jeany maun plead my excuse,
Since honour commands me how can I refuse
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
A gae then my lass to win glory and fame,
And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Auld Robin Gray.

Sung by Mr. Wilson by desire of His Majesty during his visit to Scotland.




Young Jamie lov'd me weel and askd me for his bride: But
saving a crown he had nathing else beside: To make the crown
a pound my Jamie went to sea, And the crown and the pound were
baith for me, He had nae been gane a year and a day when my
father brake his arm and our cow was stole a way my
mither she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea; And auld Robin Gray
came a courting to me.



AULD ROBIN GRAY.

By Lady Lindsay.

2
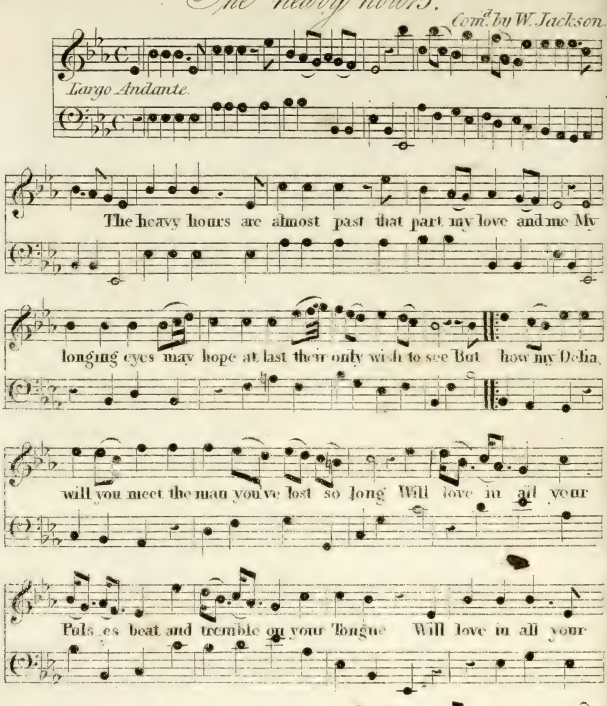
My faither urg'd me sair, my Mither did nae speak
But she look'd in my face, till my heart was like to break,
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was on the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray, was guid mon to me.
I had nae been a wife, but weeks only four,
When sittin sa mournfully out my ain door
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I could nae think it he,
Till he said, "love I'm come hame to marry thee."

3

Sair, sair, did we greet, and mickle did we say,
We took but ane kiss, and we tore ourselves away,
I wish I were dead, but I'm nae like to die,
O why was I born to say "wae's me."
I gang like a ghaist, and I canna like to spin,
I dare nae think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin,
But I'll do my best a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is very kind to me.

The heavy hours.

Com.d by W. Jackson.



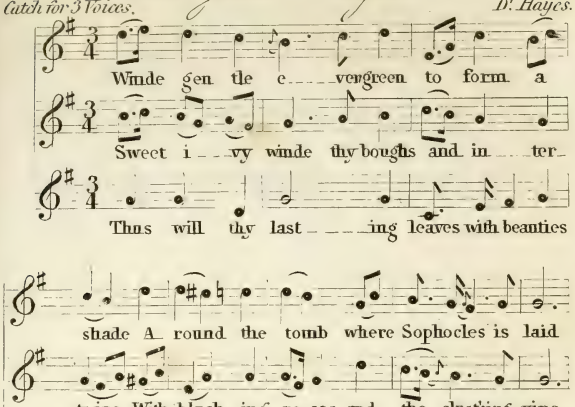
Will you in ev'ry look declare,
Your heart is still the same.
And heal each idly anxious care
Our fears in absence frame.
Thus Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When we shall shortly meet;
And try what yet remains between,
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind,
Shall false & groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find,
You have forgot to love:
All I of vows ask is this.
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die and think you mine.

Bingley sc.

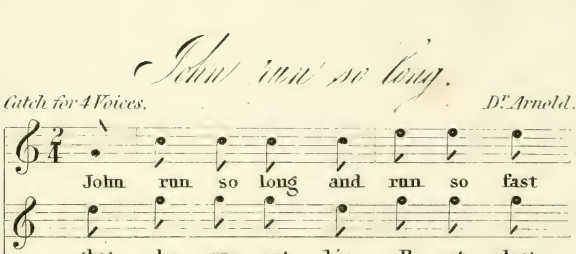
Winde gentle evergreen.

Catch for 3 Voices. *Dr. Hayes.*



John run so long.

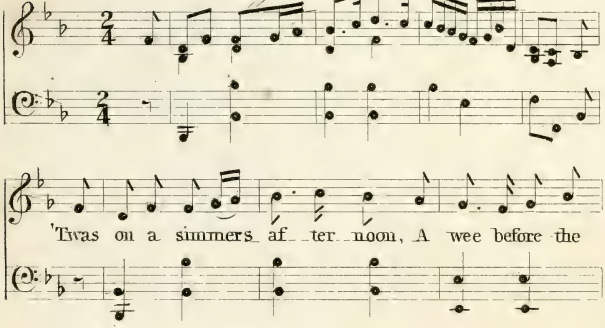
Catch for 4 Voices. *Dr. Arnold.*
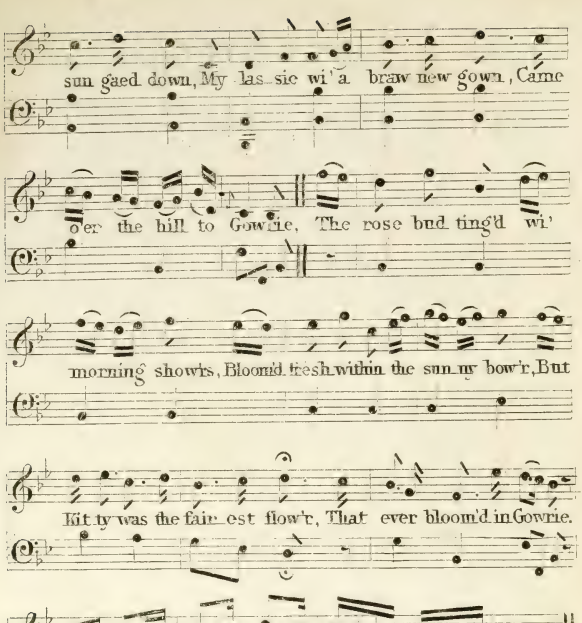




Burns

The Lass o' Lowrie.
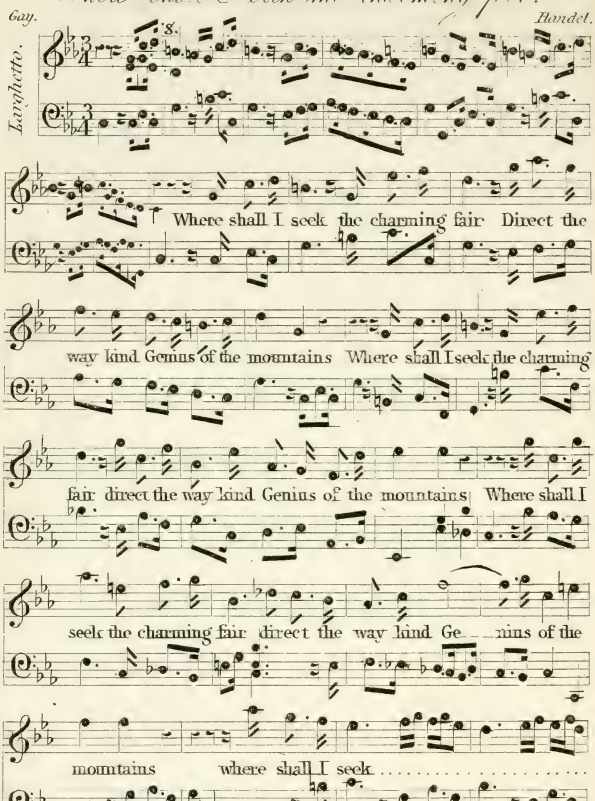




I had nae thought to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arm I flang,
And said my lassie will ye gang
To view the carse o' Gowrie;
I'll take ye to my father's ha;
In yon green fields beside the shaw,
And make ye lady o' them a;
The brawest wife in Gowrie:
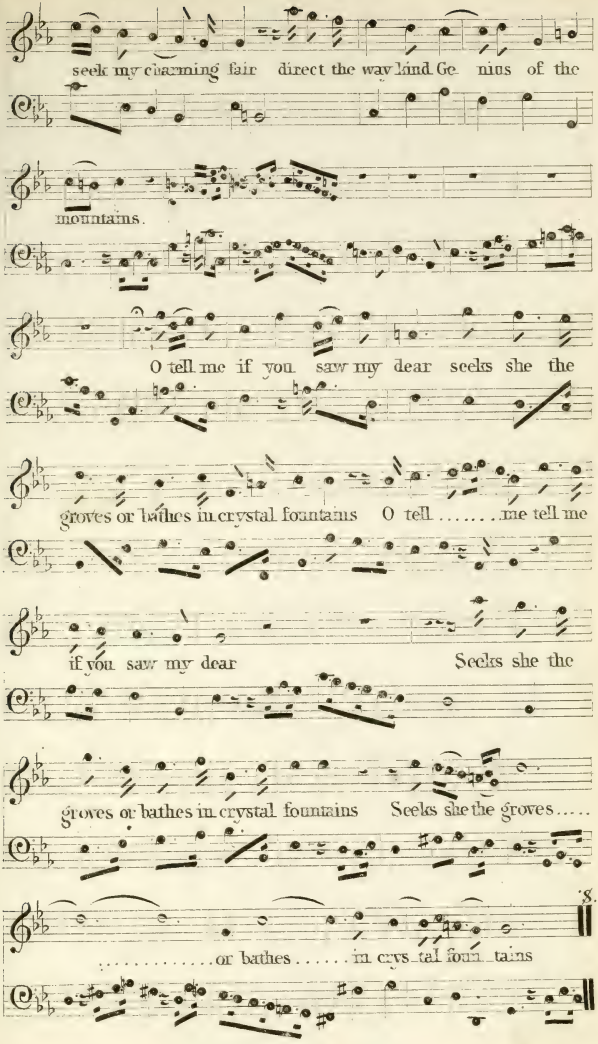
Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheeks soon spread,
She wispered modestly and said,
I'll gang wi ye to Gowrie.
The auld folk soon gied their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

Where shall I seek the charming fair.

Gay. Handel.

Larghetto.
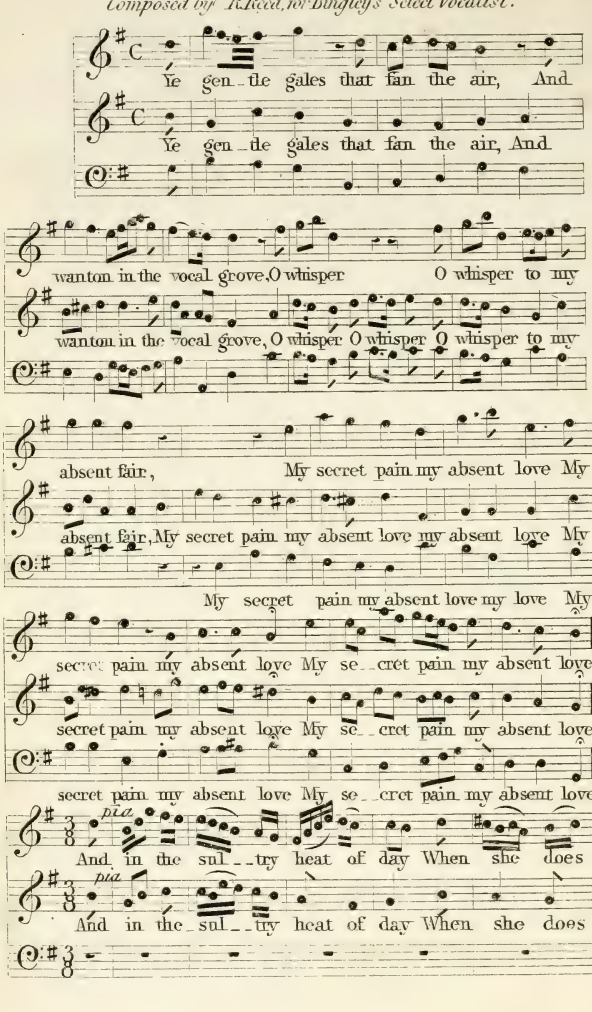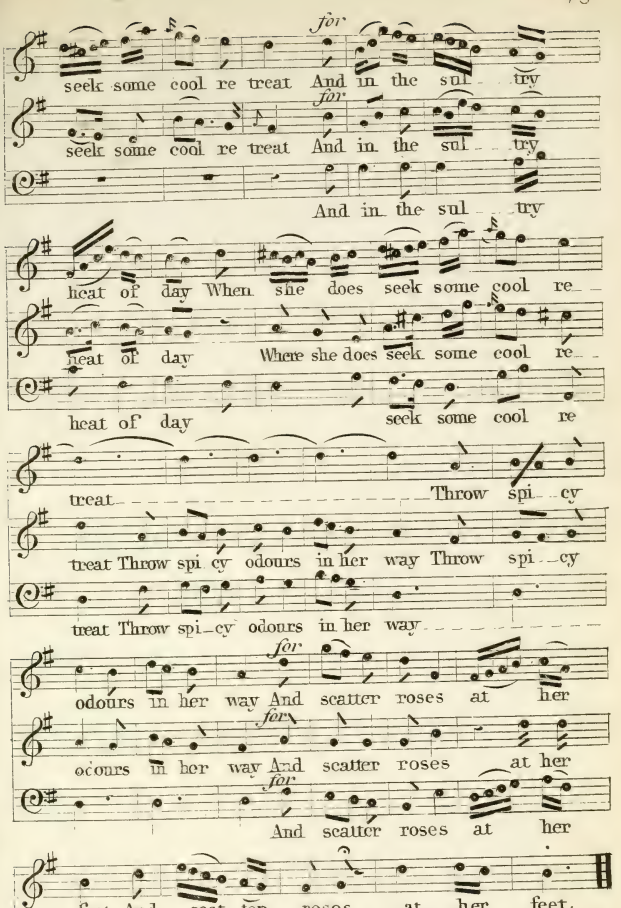




London J.Bingley 37 Moneyers St. Hoxton.

Ye gentle Gales.

Composed by R. Reed, for Bingley's Select Vocalist.




for
seek some cool re treat And in the sul try
for
seek some cool re treat And in the sul try
And in the sul try
heat of day When she does seek some cool re
heat of day Where she does seek some cool re
heat of day seek some cool re
treat Throw spi cy
treat Throw spi cy odours in her way Throw spi cy
treat Throw spi cy odours in her way
for
odours in her way And scatter roses at her
for
odours in her way And scatter roses at her
for
And scatter roses at her
feet And scat ter roses at her feet.
feet And scat ter roses at her feet.
feet And scat ter roses at her feet.

Love in her Eyes.

Poetry by Gay. *Music by G.F. Handel.*

Recitative.

Lo, here my love, turn Ga la te a, hi ther turn thine
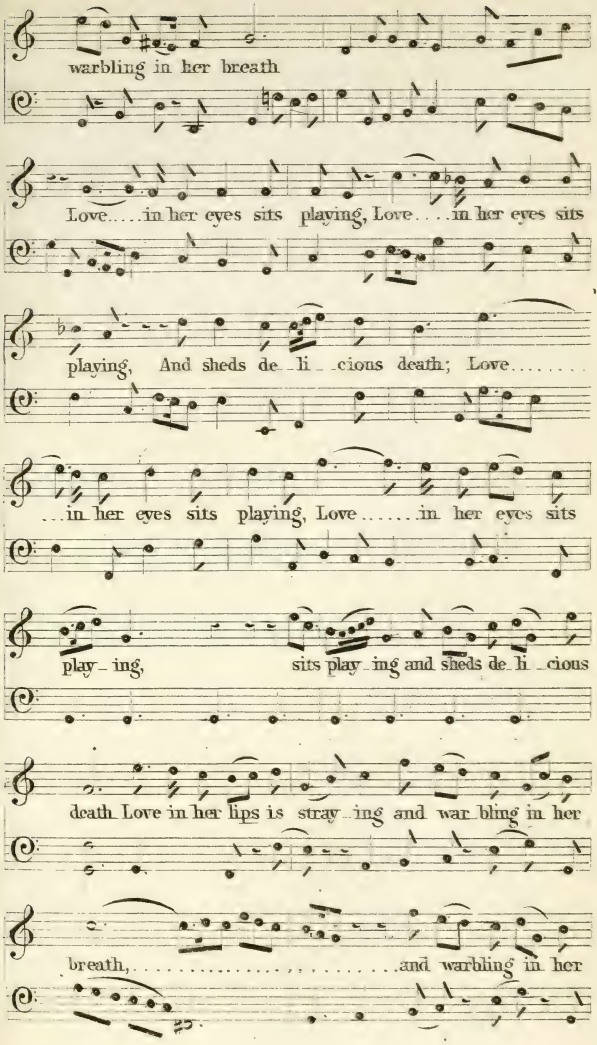
eyes, See at thy feet the long ing Acis lies.

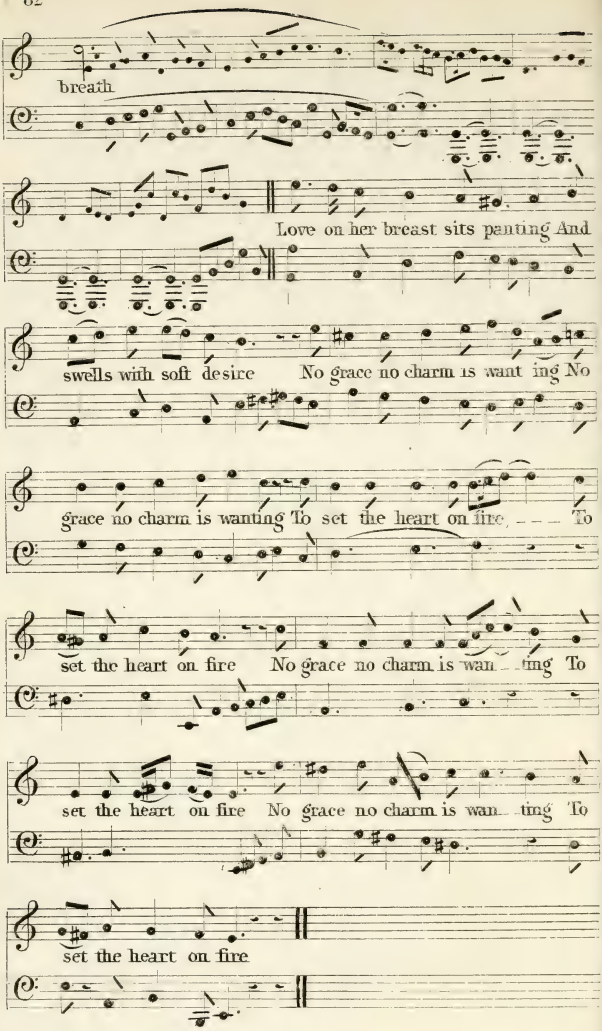
Larghetto.

Love in her eyes sits play ing, And sheds de li cious

death; Love . . . in her lips is stray ing, And

warbling in her breath Love in her lips is stray ing, And

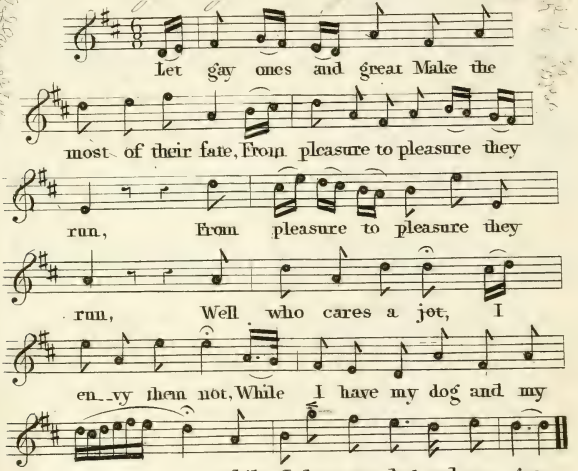

warbling in her breath
Love.... in her eyes sits playing, Love.... in her eyes sits
playing, And sheds de li cious death; Love.....
...in her eyes sits playing, Love..... in her eyes sits
play ing, sits play ing and sheds de li cious
death Love in her lips is stray ing and war bling in her
breath,.....and warbling in her


breath
Love on her breast sits panting And
swells with soft desire No grace no charm is want ing No
grace no charm is wanting To set the heart on fire To
set the heart on fire No grace no charm is wan ting To
set the heart on fire No grace no charm is wan ting To
set the heart on fire



My Dog and my Gun.
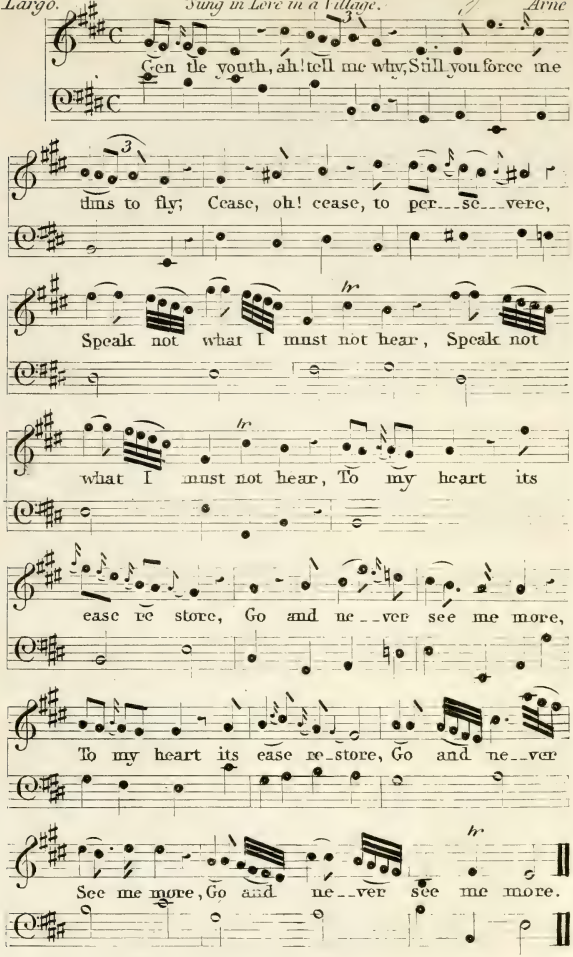
Arne
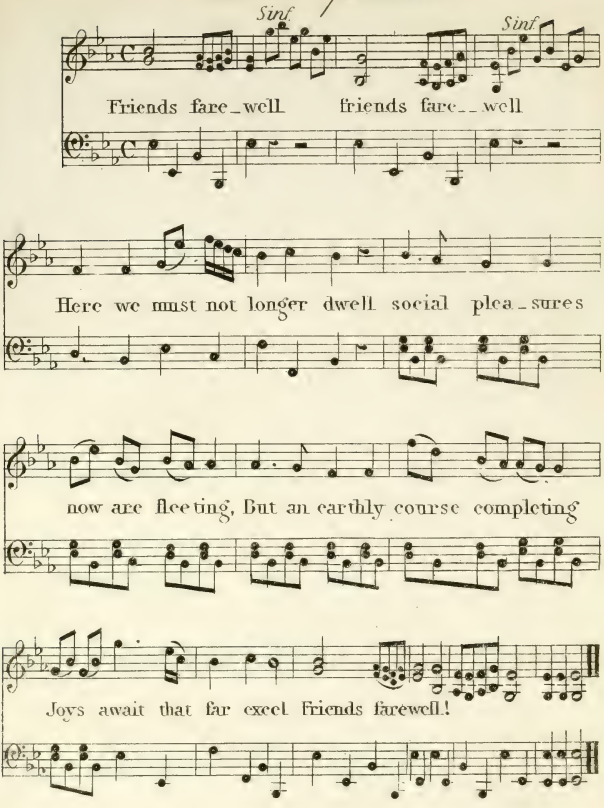


For exercise, air to the fields I repair
With spirits unclouded and light.
The blisses I find, no sting leave behind,
But health and diversion unite,

Gentle Youth, ah! tell me why.

Largo. *Sung in Love in a Village.* *Arne*



Friends farewell



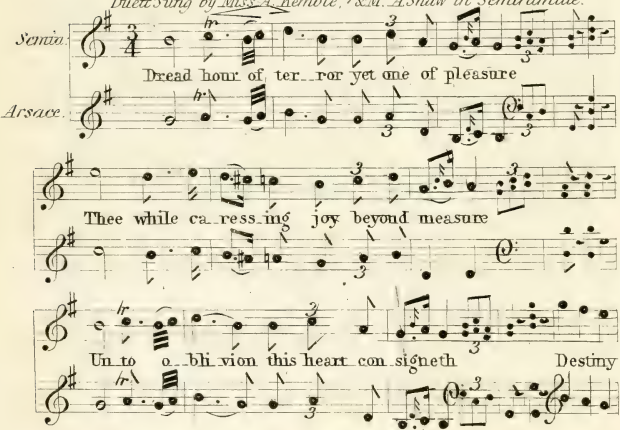
Now adieu!
We must lose each others view
But united still in spirit
Mansions soon we shall inherit
Everlasting ever new,
Now adieu!

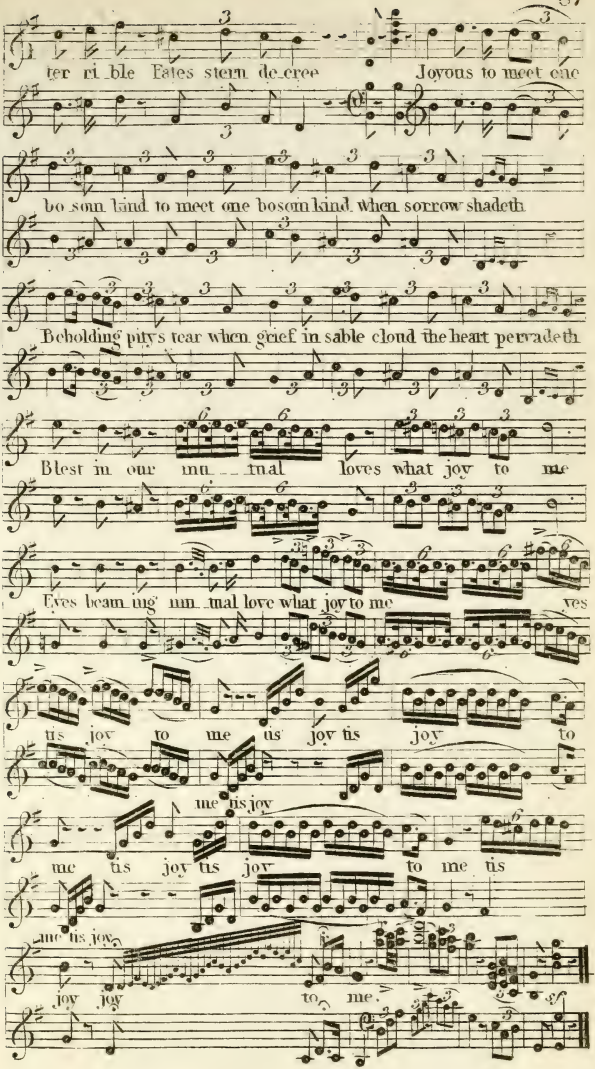
London J.Bingley, 37 Monsyers St. Hoxton.



Dread hour of Terror.
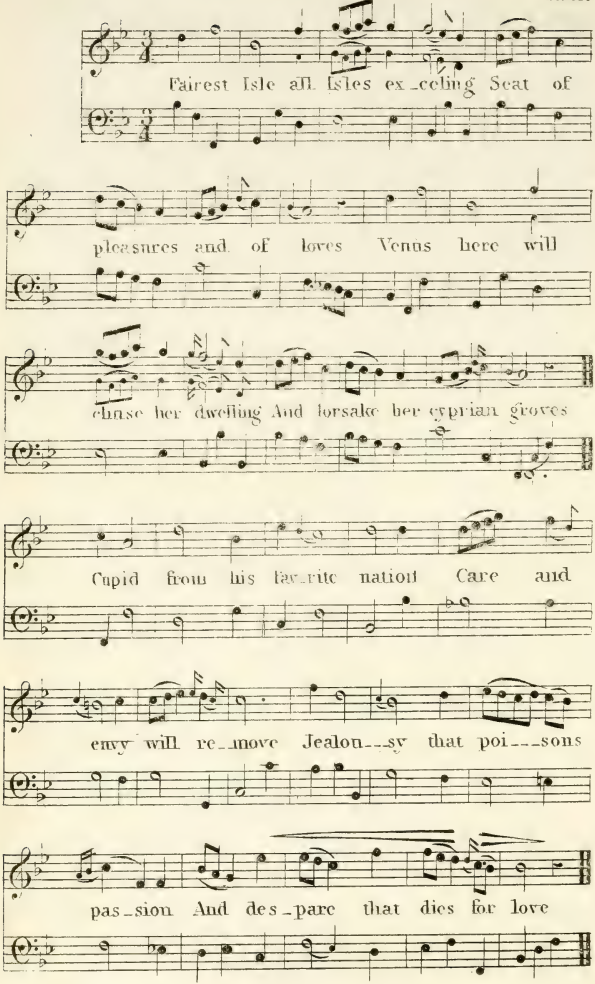
Duett Sung by Miss A. Kemble, & Mr. A Shaw in Semiramide.

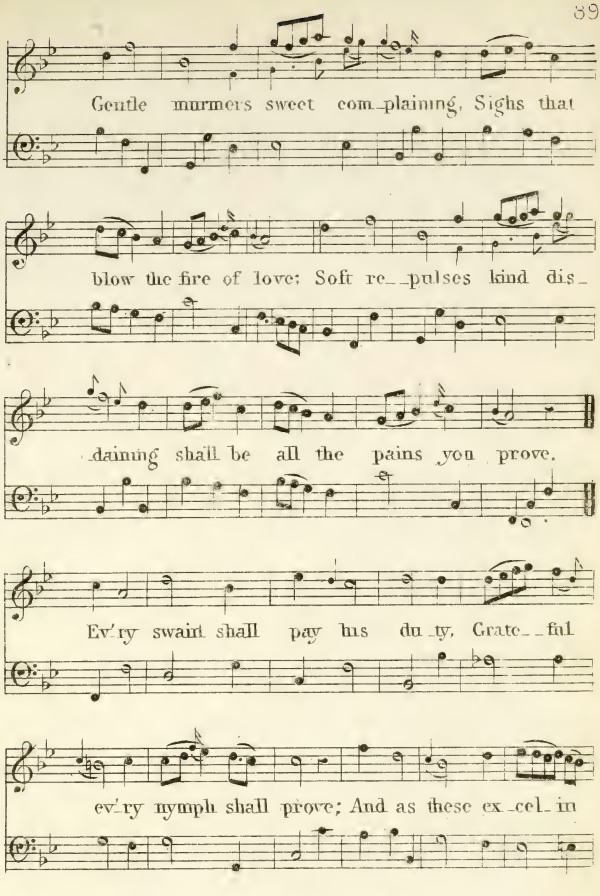



ter ri ble Fates stern de cree
Joyous to meet one
bo som kind to meet one bosom kind when sorrow shadeth
Beholding pitys tear when grief in sable cloud the heart pervadeth
Blest in our mu tual loves what joy to me
Eyes beam ing mu tual love what joy to me
yes
tis joy to me tis joy tis joy to
me tis joy
me tis joy tis joy to me tis
me tis joy
joy joy to me

Fairest Isles

Purcell
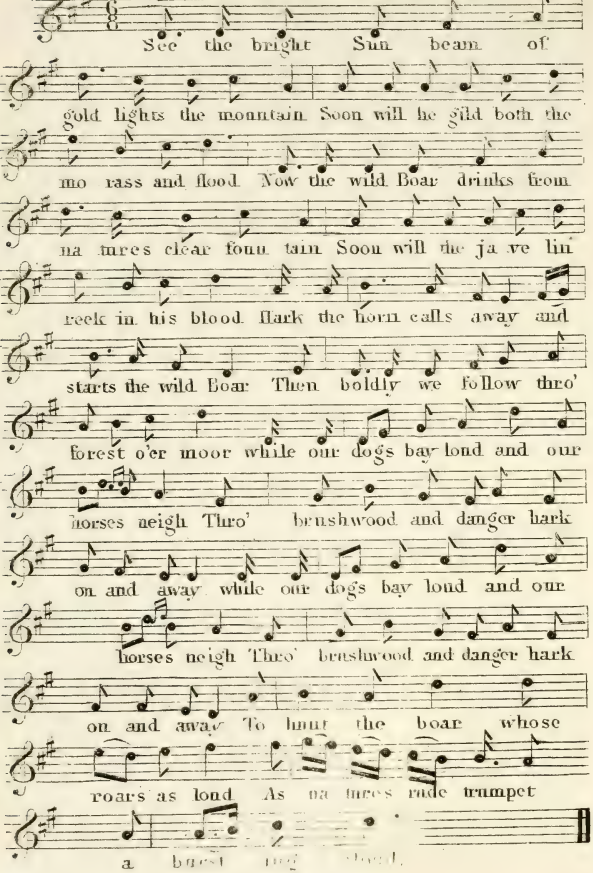




London. J. Bayley 37, Monmouth Street.

The Boar Hunt.
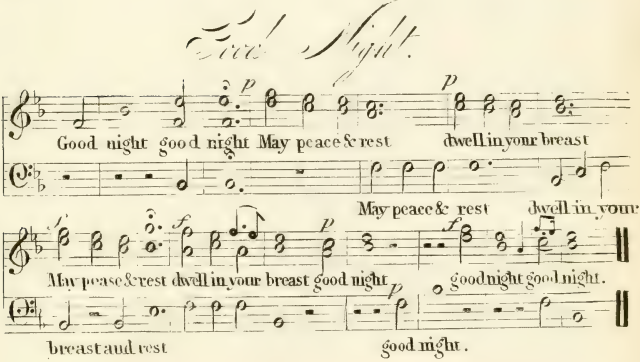
Written and adapted from Mozart by J. E. Wolf.



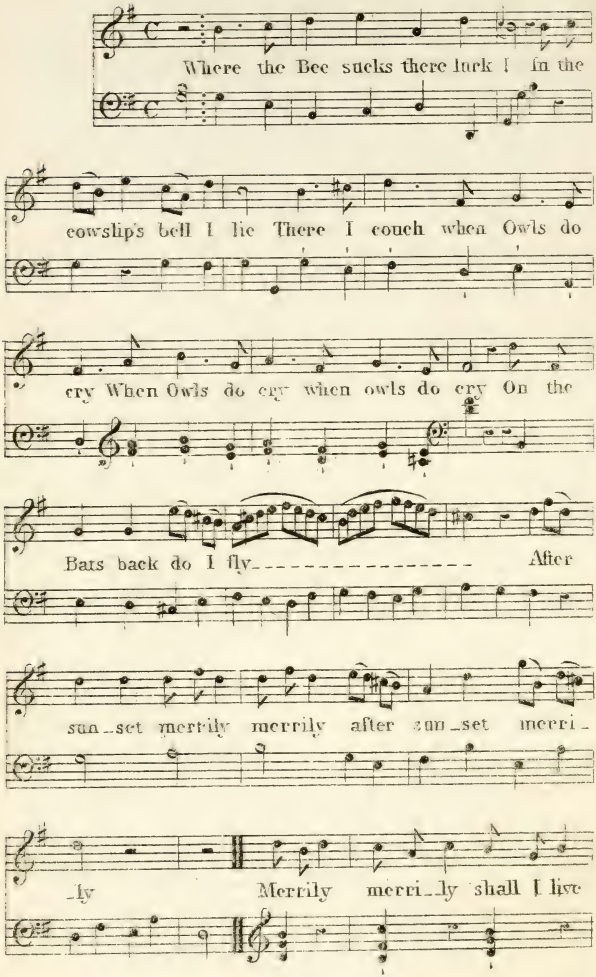
Together and loud as Jove cracking thunder,
We dash thro' the thicket and swim thro' flood,
Strange animals rush from coverts in wonder,
Birds to the air call away their young brood.
Hark the yager's blast the boars in sight,
Our dogs gather round him he turns to the fight,
But our dogs fall back from his tusk at bay,
Then again to the chase hark on and away.
To hunt the boar &c.

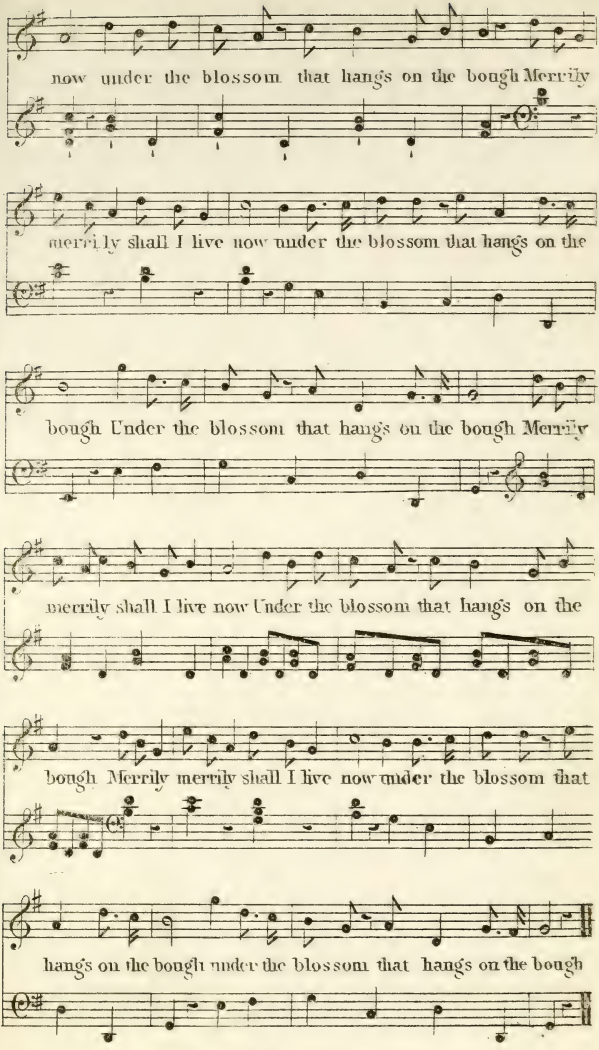
3

Thunder he's roaring like lightning we're flying,
The dogs again grapple gain he's at bay,
The javline fix him but tho' he is dying,
Dogs he throws from him till lifeless they lay.
Hark the horn sounds his knell and gathers the band
With javelins rais'd round the carcass we stand,
Then mounting our steeds right homeward we stray
Till next mornings sun beam shall call us away.
To hunt the boar &c.
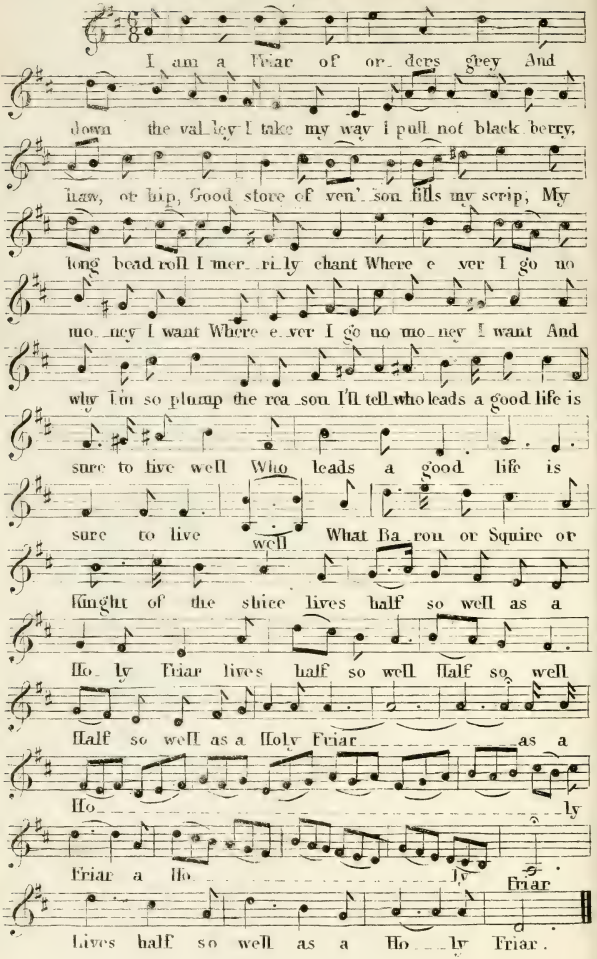


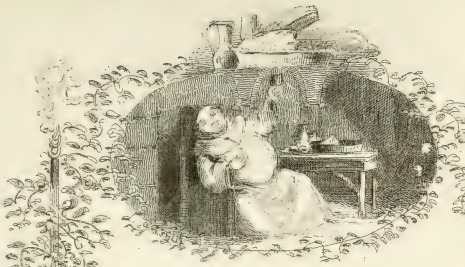
Where the Bee sucks.




now under the blossom that hangs on the bough Merrily
merrily shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the
bough Under the blossom that hangs on the bough Merrily
merrily shall I live now Under the blossom that hangs on the
bough Merrily merrily shall I live now under the blossom that
hangs on the bough under the blossom that hangs on the bough

The Holy Friar.

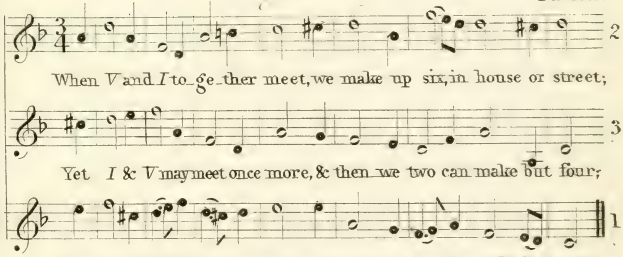




After supper of Heav'n I dream,
But that is fat Pullets & clouted cream,
Myself by denial I mortify,
With a dainty bit of a warden pie,
I'm cloath'd in sackcloth for my sin,
With good sack wine I'm lin'd within,
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the Vespers bell is my bold ding dong.
What Baron or Squire &c.
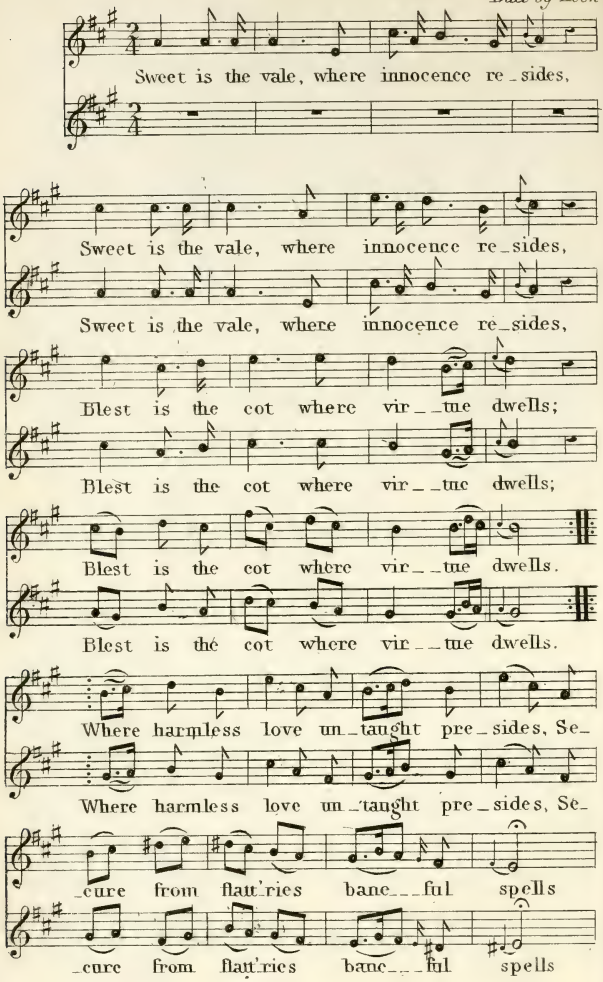
Parting Catch.

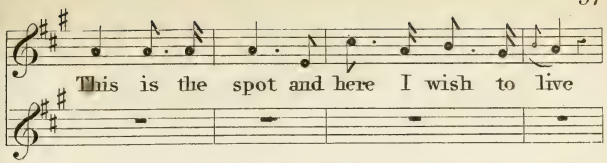
Purcell.

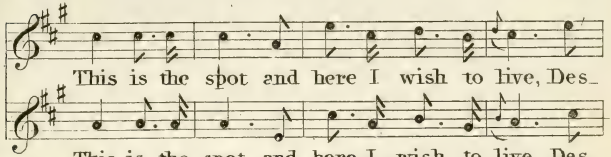


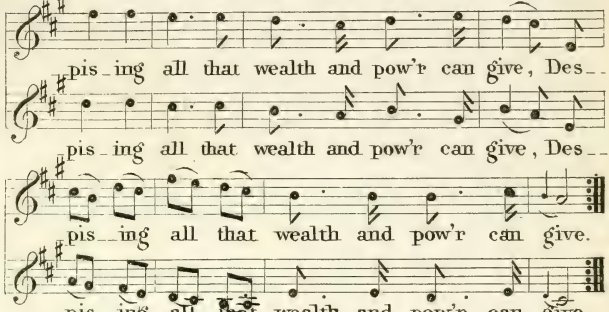
Sweet is the Vale.

Duet by Hook

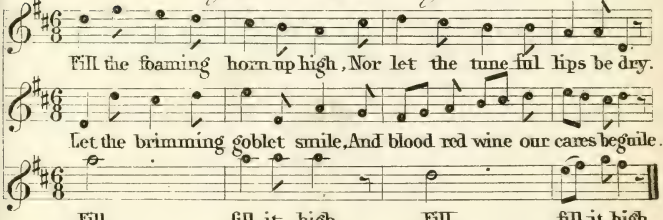






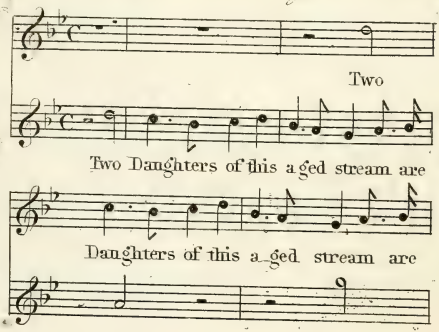


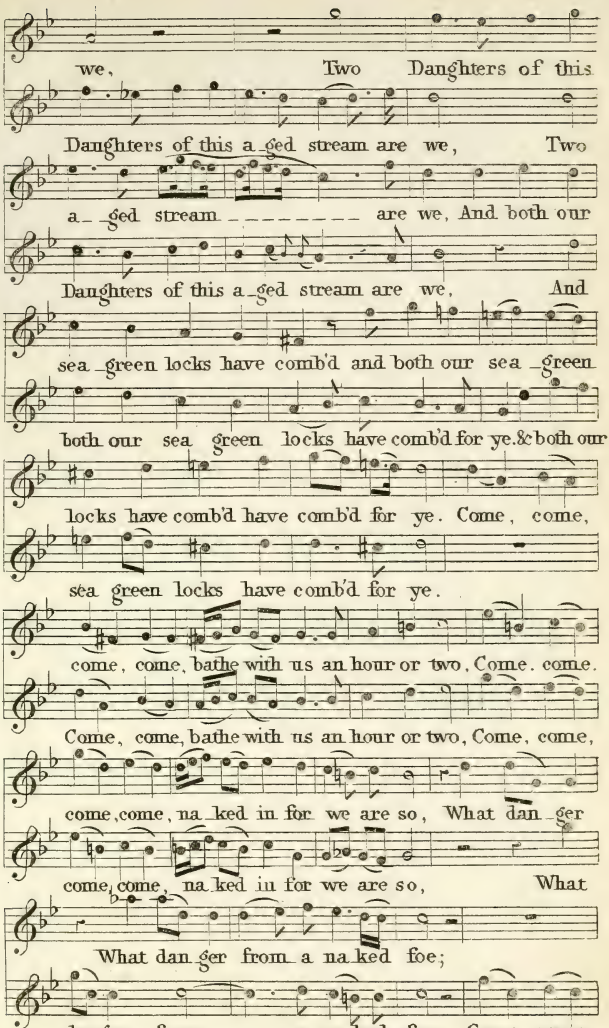
Fill high the foaming horn.
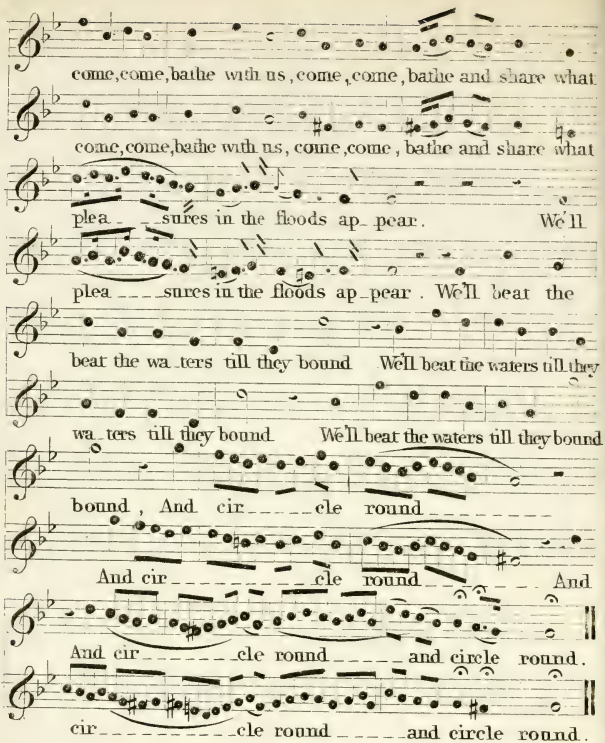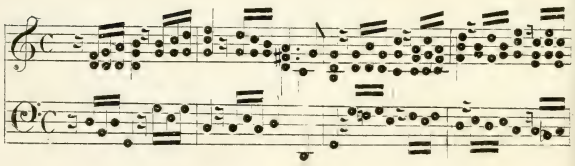




Two Daughters of this aged stream




we, Two Daughters of this
Daughters of this a_ged stream are we, Two
a_ _ged stream _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ are we, And both our
Daughters of this a_ged stream are we, And
sea _green locks have comb'd and both our sea _green
both our sea green locks have comb'd for ye. & both our
locks have comb'd have comb'd for ye. Come, come,
sea green locks have comb'd for ye.
come, come, bathe with us an hour or two, Come. come.
Come, come, bathe with us an hour or two, Come, come,
come, come, na_ked in for we are so, What dan_ger
come, come, na_ked in for we are so, What
What dan_ger from a na_ked foe;
danger from _ _ _ _ _ a na_ked foe; Come, come,
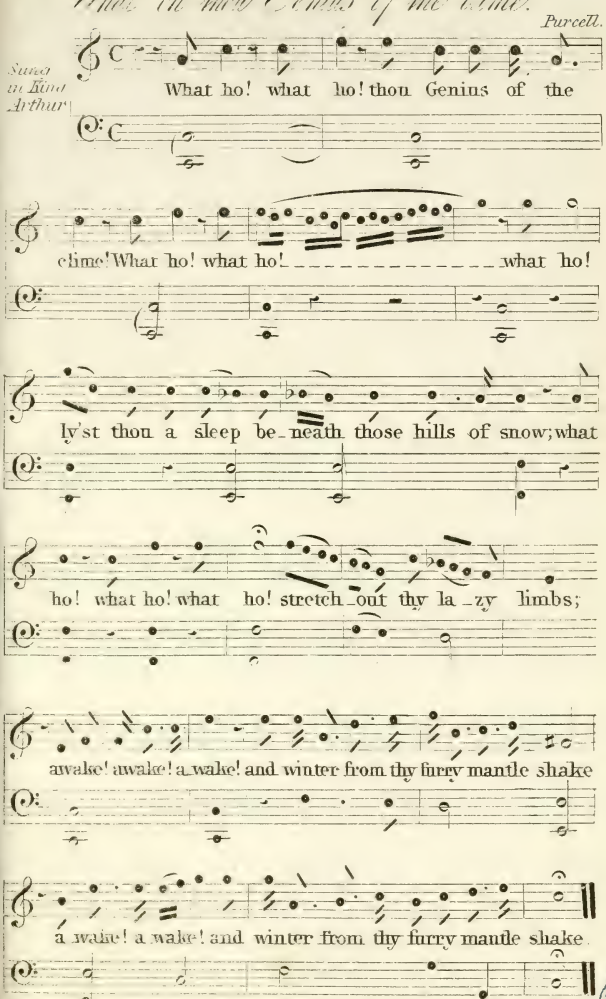

come, come, bathe with us, come, come, bathe and share what
come, come, bathe with us, come, come, bathe and share what
plea_ _sures in the floods ap_pear. We'll
plea_ _ _sures in the floods ap_pear. We'll beat the
beat the wa_ters till they bound We'll beat the waters till they
wa_ters till they bound We'll beat the waters till they bound,
bound, And cir_ _ _cle round
And cir_ _ _ _ _cle round And
And cir_ _ _ _ _cle round _ _ _and circle round.
cir_ _ _ _ _cle round _ _ _and circle round.



What ch thou Genius of the clime.

Purcell.
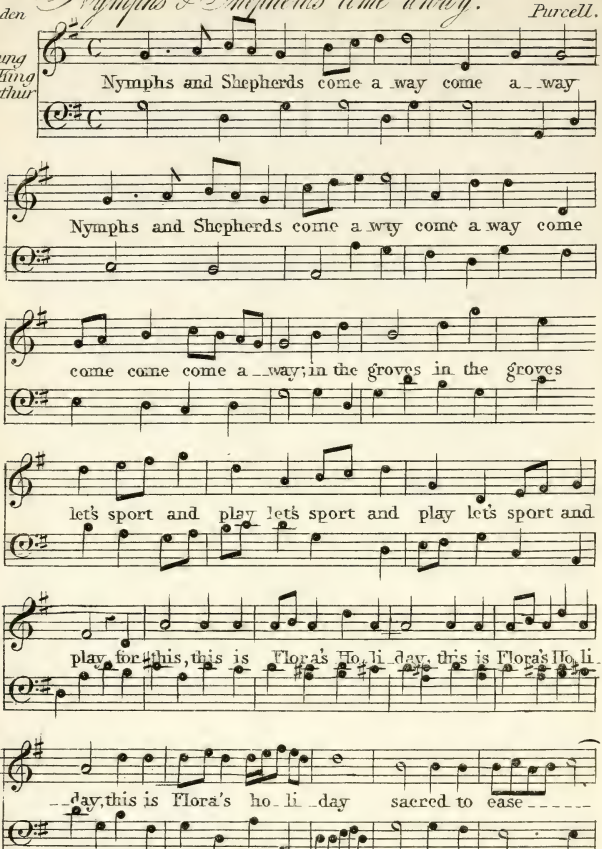
Sung in King Arthur
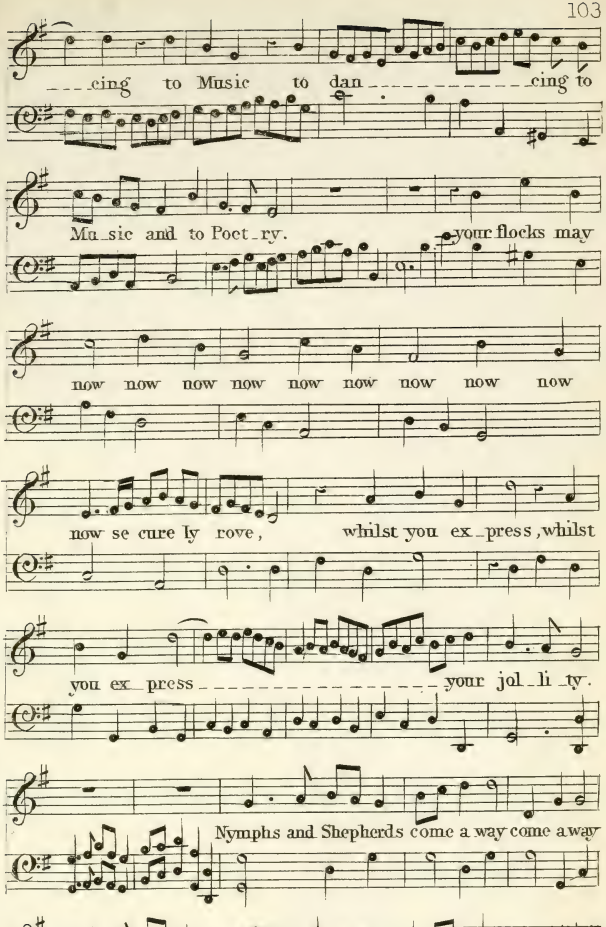


Nymphs & Shepherds come away.

Dryden — Purcell.

Sung in King Arthur





London Publ.d by J.Bingley 37 Monmouth St.t Hoxton.

By the croaking of the toad.

Purcell

Sung in King Arthur

By the croaking of the
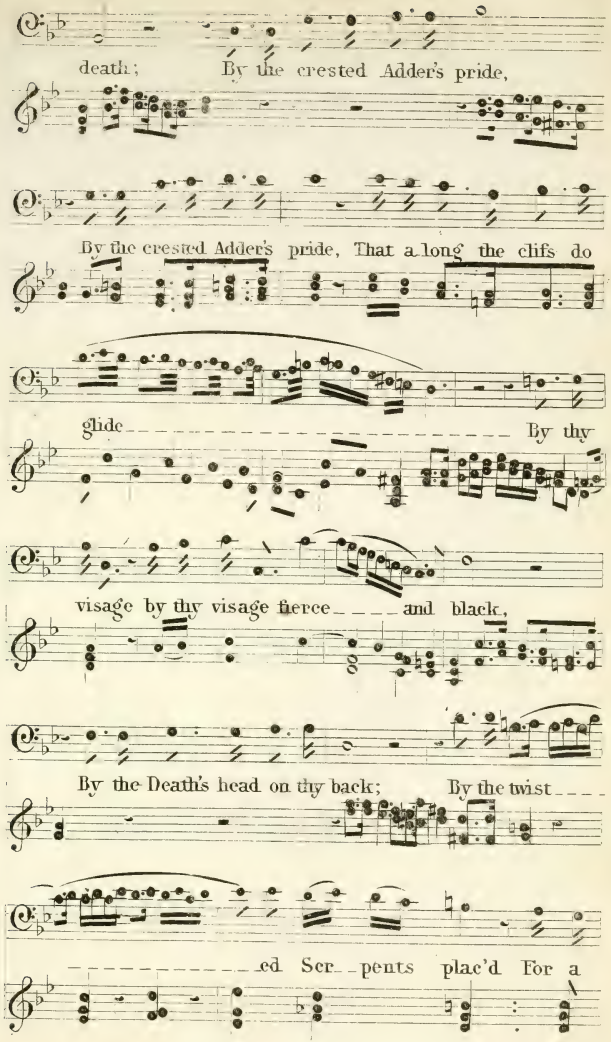
Toad, In her cave that makes a bode;

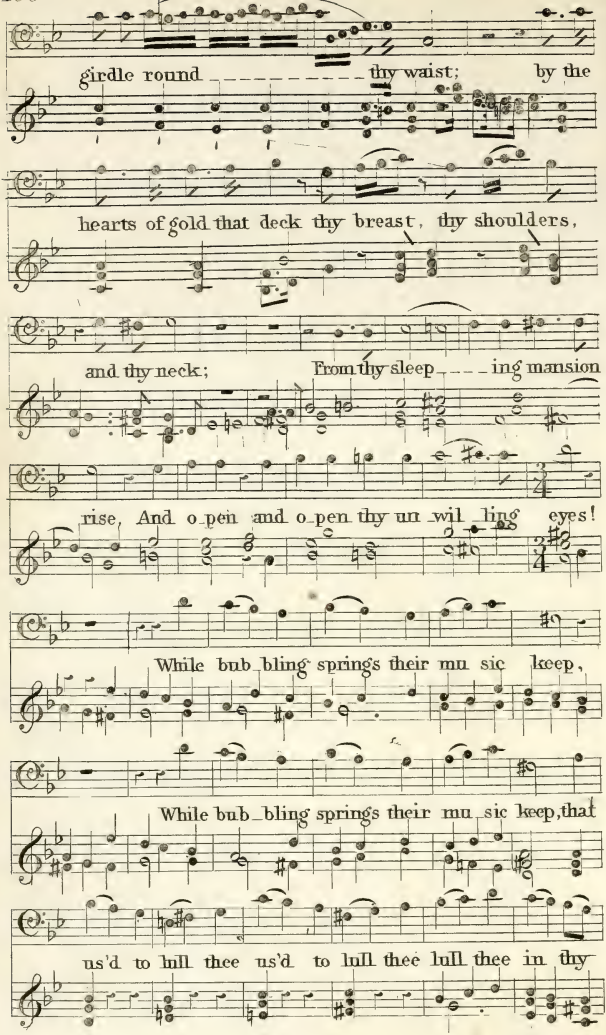
By the croaking of the Toad, In her cave that makes a

bode; Earthy Dun Earthy Dun that

pants for breath, With her

swell'd sides full full full of


death; By the crested Adder's pride,
By the crested Adder's pride, That a long the clifs do
glide By thy
visage by thy visage fierce and black,
By the Death's head on thy back; By the twist
ed Ser pents plac'd For a
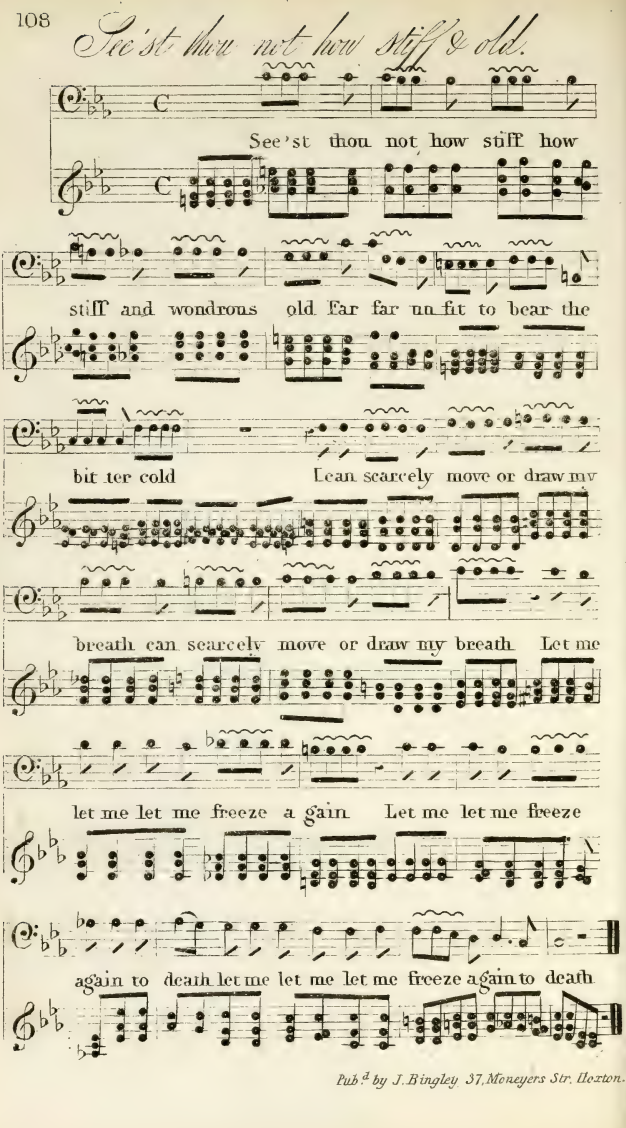

girdle round thy waist; by the
hearts of gold that deck thy breast, thy shoulders,
and thy neck; From thy sleep ing mansion
rise, And o pen and o pen thy un wil ling eyes!
While bub bling springs their mu sic keep,
While bub bling springs their mu sic keep, that
us'd to lull thee us'd to lull thee lull thee in thy



sleep

That us'd to lull thee lull thee lull thee

us'd to lull thee lull thee in thy sleep



Pub.d by J. Bingley 37, Moneyers Str. Hoxton.

'Tis I that have warm'd you.

Sung in K. Arthur

Purcell

Allegro Moderato

'Tis I 'Tis I 'Tis I that have
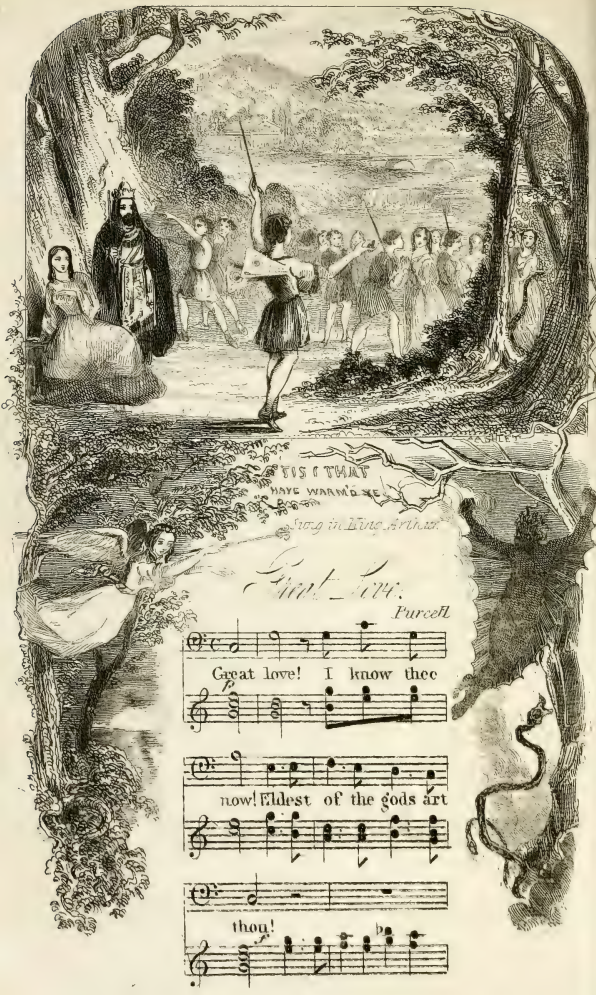
warm'd you 'Tis I 'Tis I 'Tis I that have
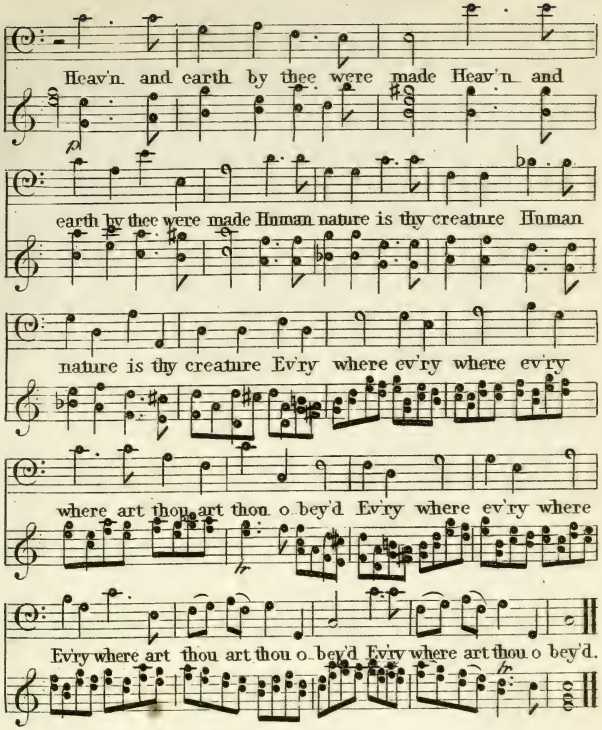
warm'd you. In spite of cold weather, I've brought you to

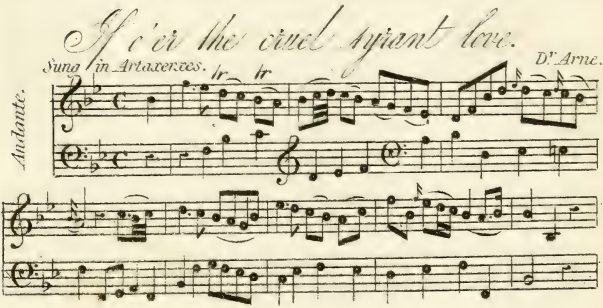
gether 'Tis I 'Tis I 'Tis I that have warm'd you 'Tis
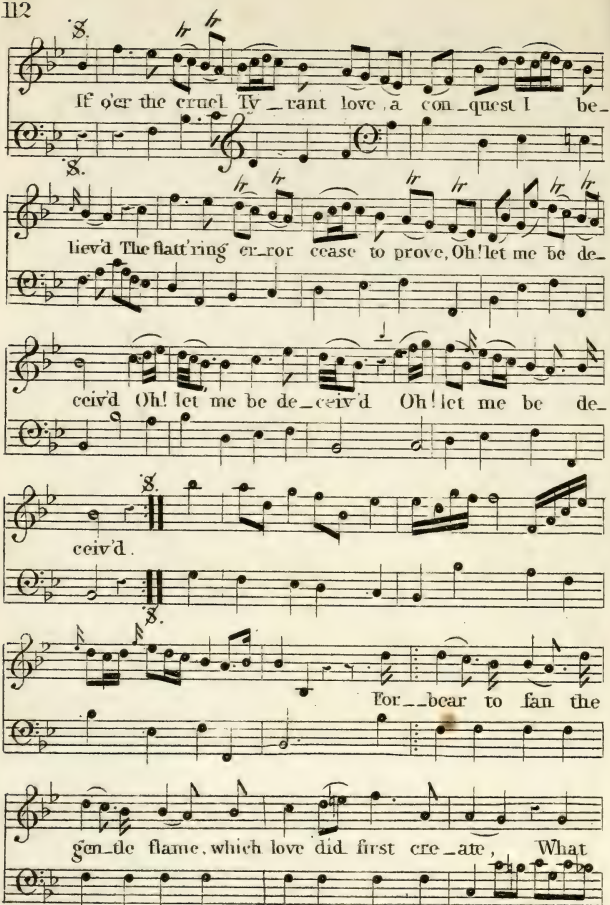
I 'Tis I 'Tis I that have warm'd you.

Oliver Ditson 277 Washington St. Boston


'TIS O THAT
HAVE WARM'D ME
Song in King Arthur
Great Love.
Purcell
Great love! I know thee
now! Eldest of the gods art
thou!


Heav'n and earth by thee were made Heav'n and
earth by thee were made Human nature is thy creature Human
nature is thy creature Ev'ry where ev'ry where ev'ry
where art thou art thou o bey'd Ev'ry where ev'ry where
Ev'ry where art thou art thou o bey'd Ev'ry where art thou o bey'd.


If e'er the cruel tyrant love.
Sung in Artaxerxes.
D'. Arne.
Andante.


If o'er the cruel Ty_rant love, a con_quest I be_
liev'd The flatt'ring er_ror cease to prove, Oh! let me be de_
ceiv'd Oh! let me be de_ceiv'd Oh! let me be de_
ceiv'd.
For_bear to fan the
gen_tle flame, which love did first cre_ate, What
was my pride, is now my shame, and must be turn'd to

hate Then call not to my wav'ring mind the weakness

of my heart, Which ah! I feel too much inclin'd To
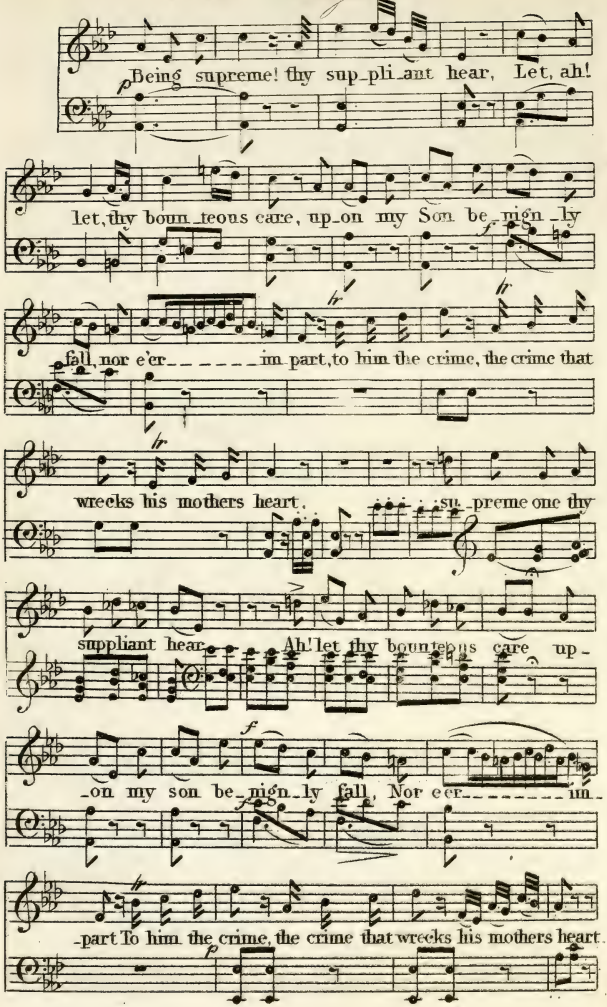
take the Trai_tor's part, part, to

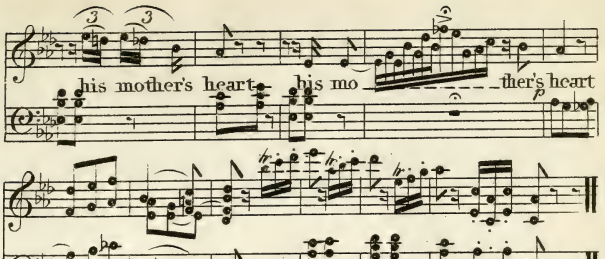
take the Trai_tor's part.

The Prayer.

Sung by Miss A. Kemble in Semiramide

The Prayer.


Being supreme! thy sup_pli_ant hear, Let, ah!
let, thy boun_teous care, up_on my Son be_nign_ly
fall, nor e'er_____im_part, to him the crime, the crime that
wreeks his mothers heart. su_preme one thy
suppliant hear. Ah! let thy bounteous care up_
_on my son be_nign_ly fall, Nor e'er_____im_
_part To him the crime, the crime that wreeks his mothers heart.
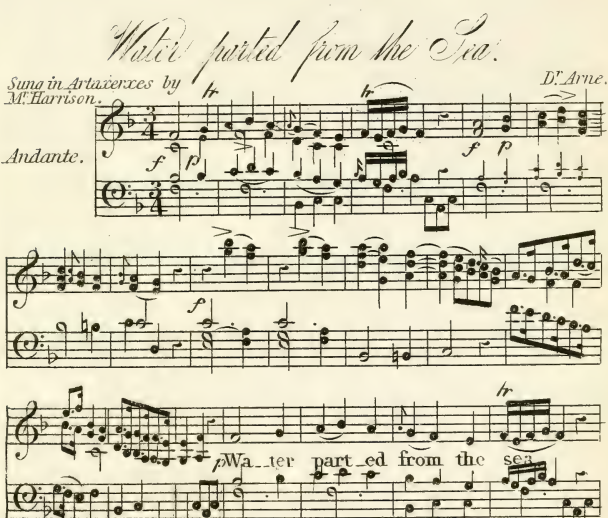


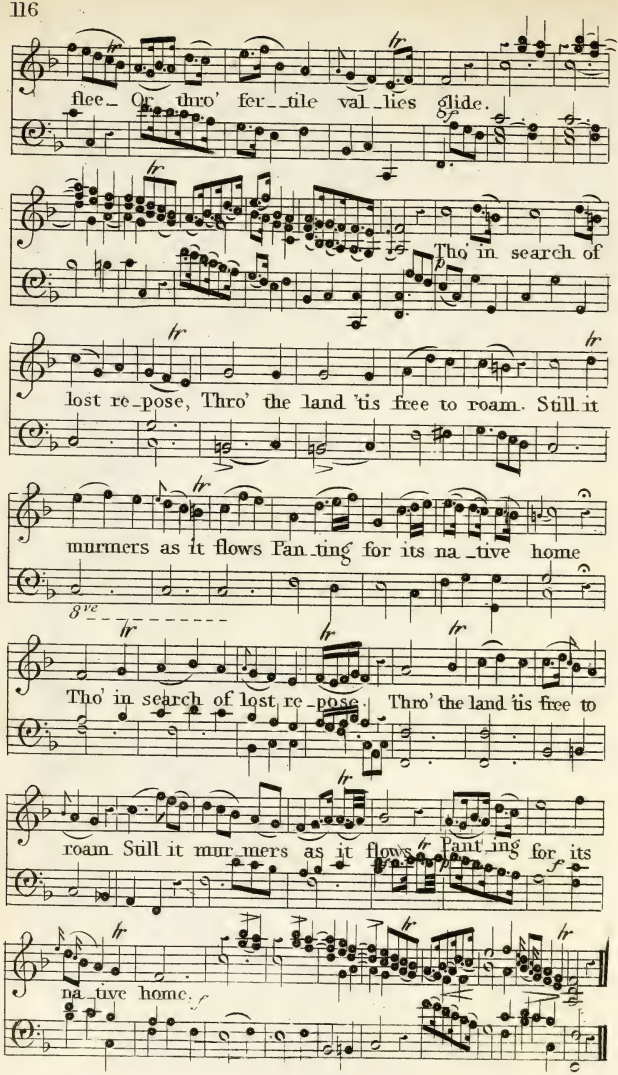
Water parted from the Sea.

Sung in Artaxerxes by Mr. Harrison.

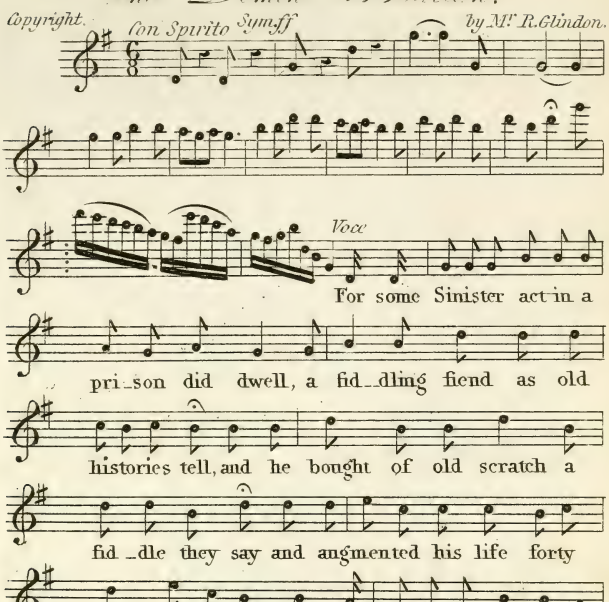
D'. Arne.

Andante.




flee_ Or thro' fer_tile val_lies glide.
Tho' in search of
lost re_pose, Thro' the land 'tis free to roam. Still it
murmers as it flows Pan_ting for its na_tive home
8ve
Tho' in search of lost re_pose Thro' the land 'tis free to
roam Still it mur_mers as it flows Pant_ing for its
na_tive home.

The Demon Musician.

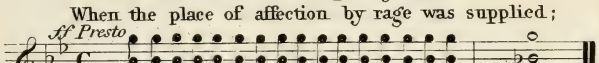


2

The fiddlers fingers being bony and long,
The crotchets and quavers got quickly among.
From his fiddle at length he produced such a tone,
Peoples cash left their pockets, to chink in his own.
With his Semibrieve, &c.

3

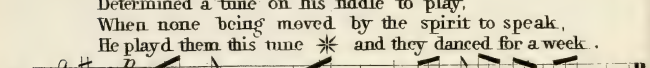
From a wedding returning a party he spied,
His bow to the fiddle he quickly applied,
When the place of affection by rage was supplied;



And the bridegroom he very near strangled his bride.
Thro' his semibrieve &c.

4

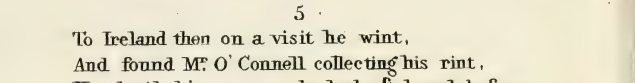
To a meeting of Quakers he went they say,
Determined a tune on his fiddle to play,
When none being moved by the spirit to speak,
He play'd them this tune ✳ and they danced for a week.



To his semibrieve, &c.

5

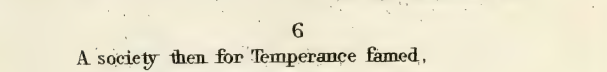
To Ireland then on a visit he wint,
And found Mr. O' Connell collecting his rint,
He play'd him a tune he had oft heard before;



And all he collected he gave to the poor,
Thro' his semibrieve, &c.

6

A society then for Temperance famed,
The Demon Musician's attention claimed.
He play'd them this tune with a sardonic grin;



And each member produced a full bottle of Gin.
Thro' his semibrieve, &c.

7
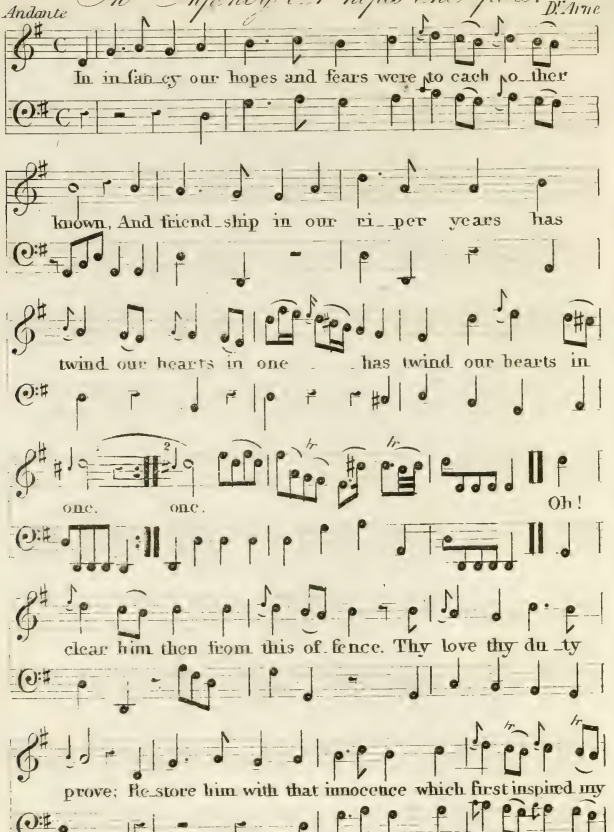
At length the forty years were gone,
With horrible tone the clock struck one,
Discord ad lib.
The fiddle turned into a Demon red,
And carried him off by the hair of his head;
And his semibrieve, &c.



In Infancy our hopes and fears.

Andante

D'Arne



London J. Bagley 37 Monsons St Euston



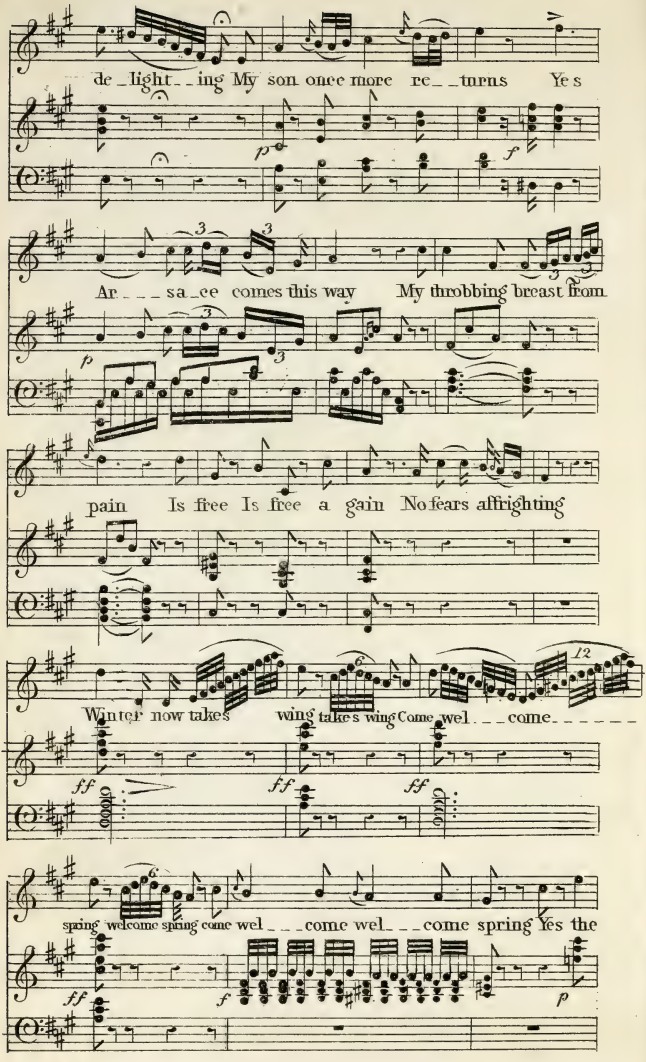
Now joys bright ray.
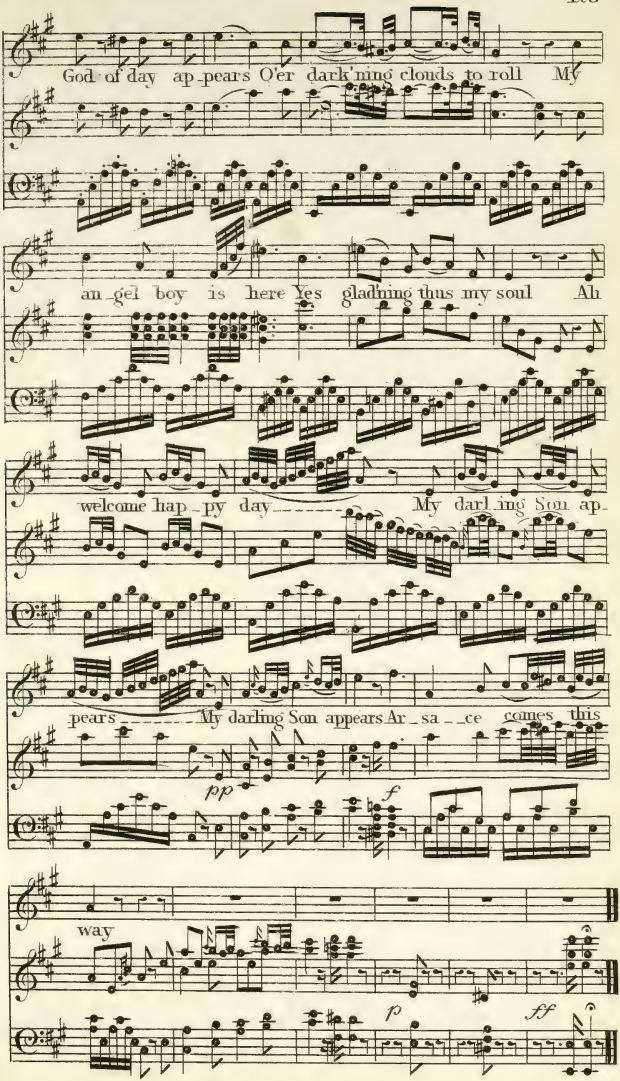
Andante Grazioso.

Sung by Miss A Kemble in Semiramide.

Now joys bright ray illumes my rapturd soul Now

joys bright ray no more shall grief control My trembling heart heart


de_light_ing My son once more re_turns Ye s
p
f
Ar_sa_ee comes this way My throbbing breast from
p
pain Is free Is free a gain No fears affrighting
Winter now takes wing takes wing Come wel_come
ff
ff
ff
spring welcome spring come wel_come wel_come spring Yes the
ff
f
p


God of day ap_pears O'er dark'ning clouds to roll My
an_gel boy is here Yes gladning thus my soul Ah
welcome hap_py day My darl_ing Son ap_
pears My darling Son appears Ar_sa_ce comes this
pp
f
way
p
ff

The Bay of Biscay.

Sung by Mr. Braham. Comp.d by J. Davy

Moderato.

pp

f
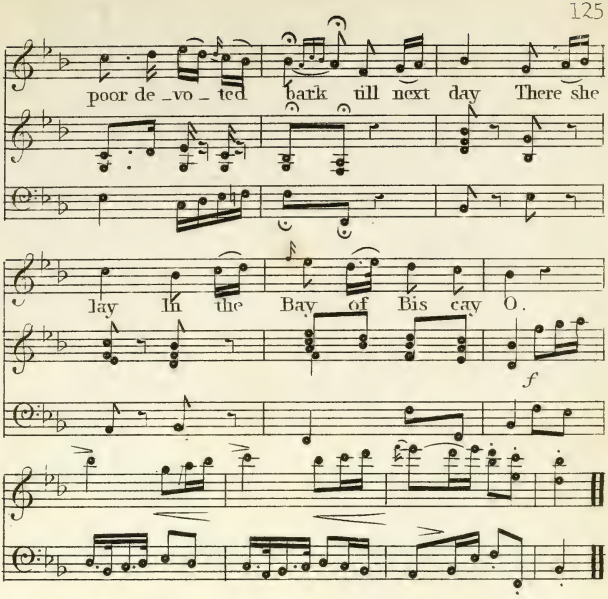
f

Loud roar'd the dreadful Thun--der The rain a de--luge

p

show'rs -- The clouds were rent a ----- sun ----- der By

light'nings vi-vid pow'rs The night was drear and dark Our



2

Now dash'd upon the billow,
Our op'ning timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak;
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crouds;
As she lay, 'till next day
In the Bay of Biscay O.

3

At length the wish'd for morrow,
Broke thro' the hazy sky;
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heav'd a bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew;
As she lay on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay O.
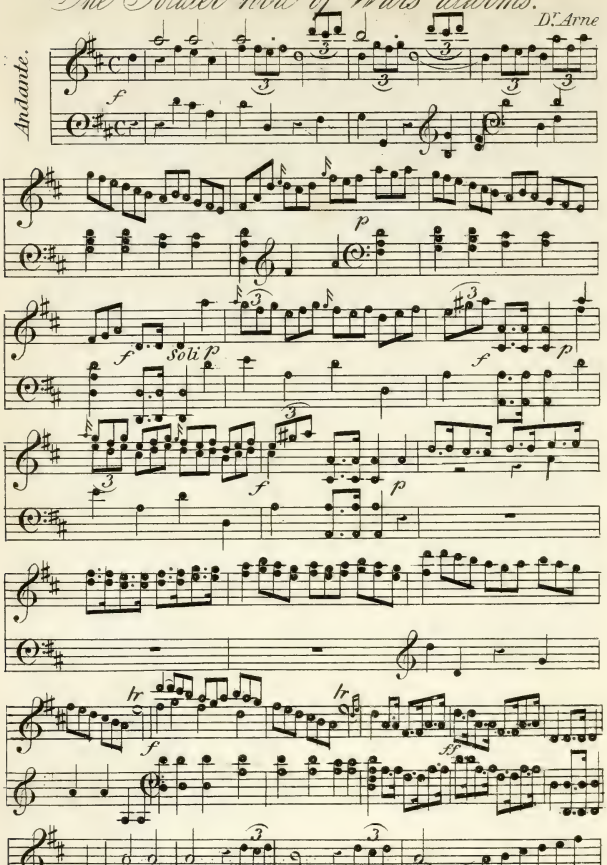
4
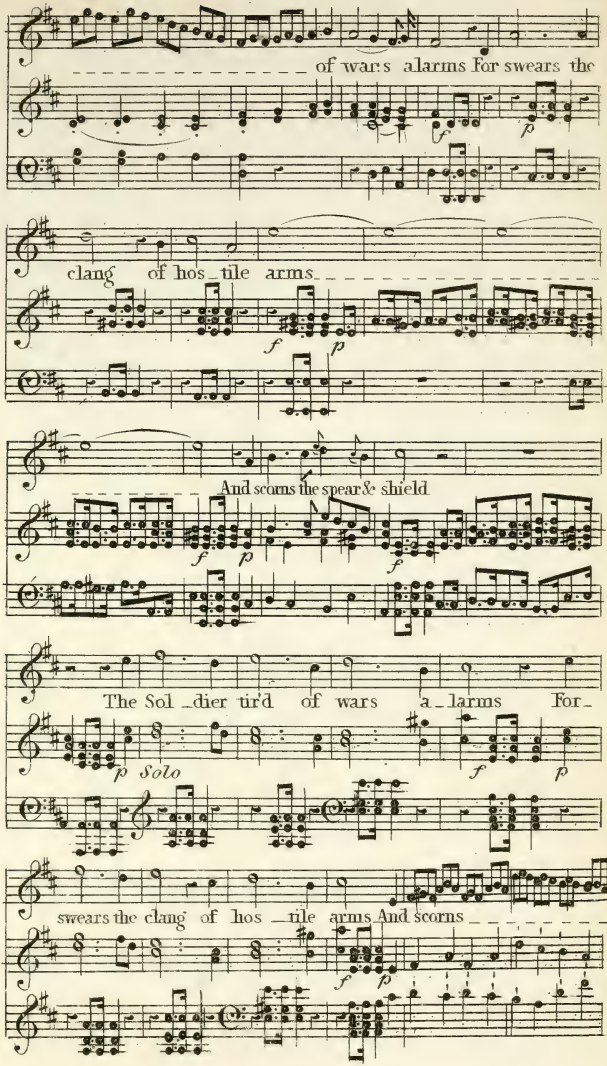
Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When Heav'n all bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent:
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers,
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay O.
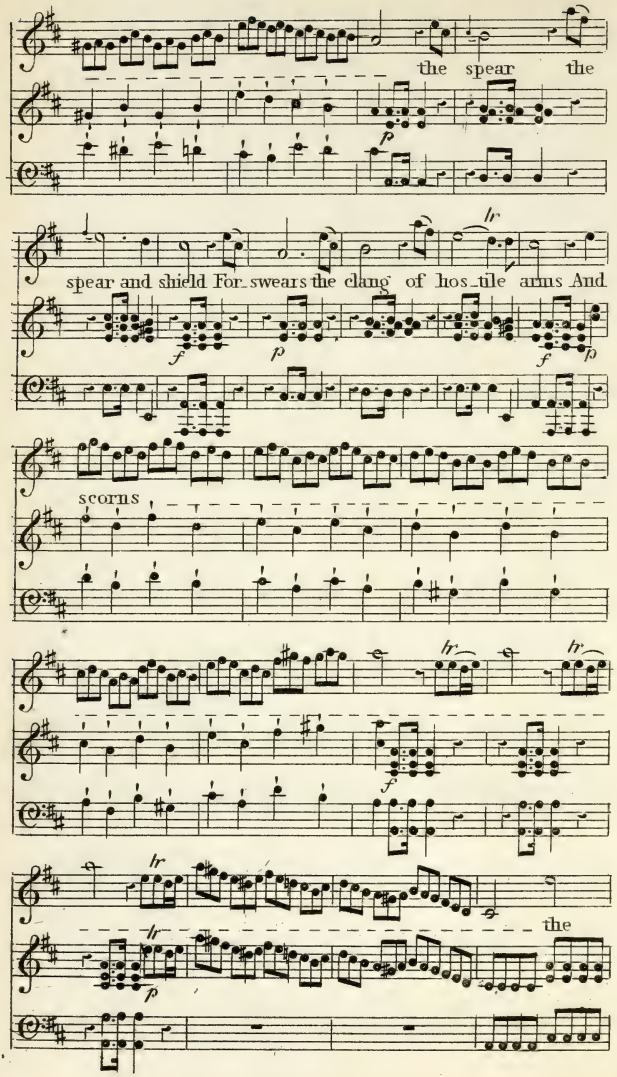
London J. Bingley 37. Moneyers St. Hoxton.

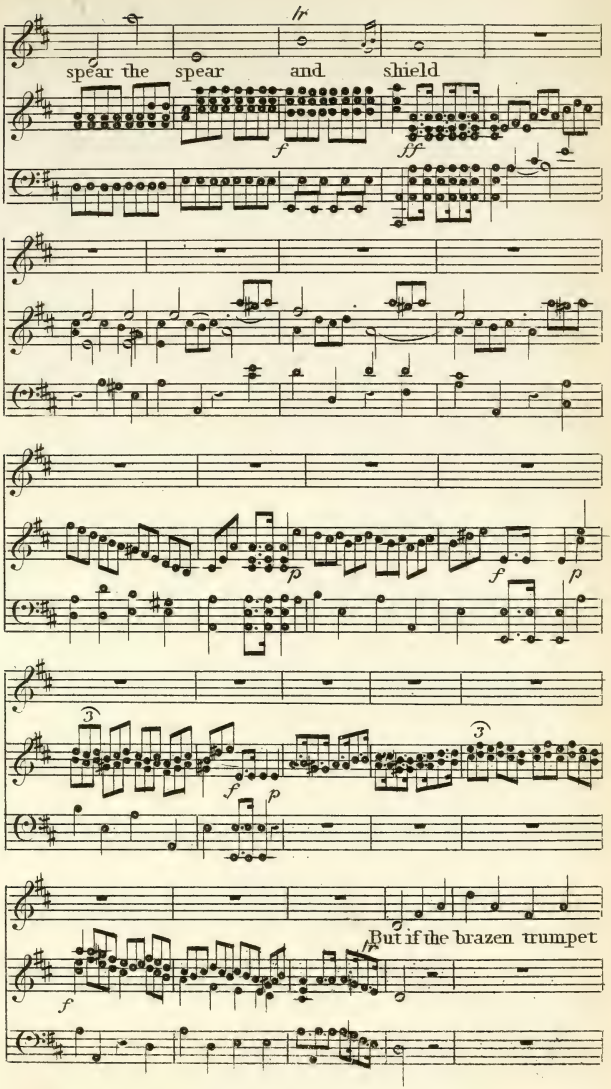
The Soldier tir'd of Wars alarms.
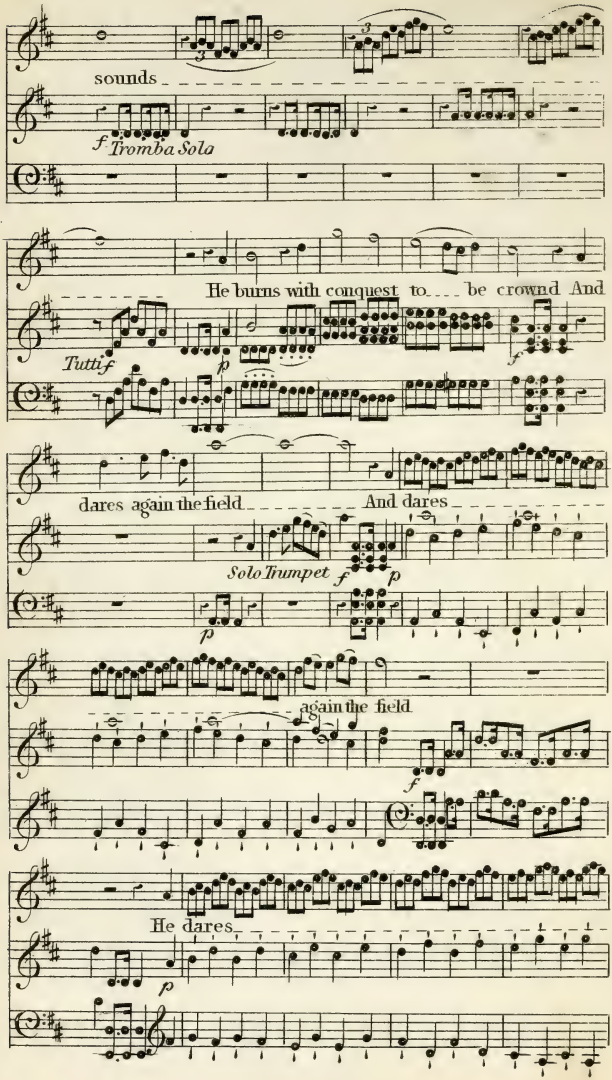
D'Arne
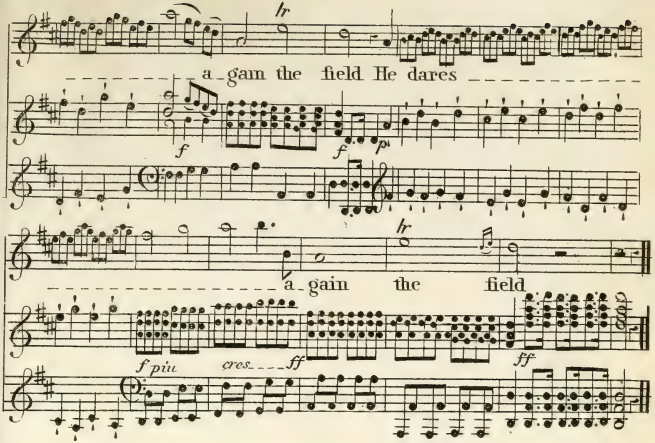



of wars alarms for swears the
clang of hos_tile arms
And scorns the spear & shield
The Sol_dier tir'd of wars a_larms For_
Solo
swears the clang of hos_tile arms And scorns


the spear the
spear and shield For swears the clang of hos tile arms And
scorns
the


lr
spear the spear and shield
f
ff
p
f
p
3
f
p
3
But if the brazen trumpet
lr
f


sounds
f Tromba Solo
He burns with conquest to be crownd And
Tutti f
p
f
dares again the field
And dares
Solo Trumpet f
p
p
again the field
f
He dares
p



Where shall the lover rest.

Sir W. Scott. *Maria Danvers.*

Andante

Where shall the lover rest Whom the fates

se_ver, From his true Maid en's breast Part_ed for

ev_er, Where thro' groves deep and high sounds the far

bil_low, Where car_ly vio_lets die un_der the

wil_low; E___lu lo_____ro, E_____lu

lo_____ro, Un_____der the Wil__low.



Where shall the Traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win Maiden's breast,
Ruin! then leave her!
In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle — the groans of the dying!
There shall he be lying!

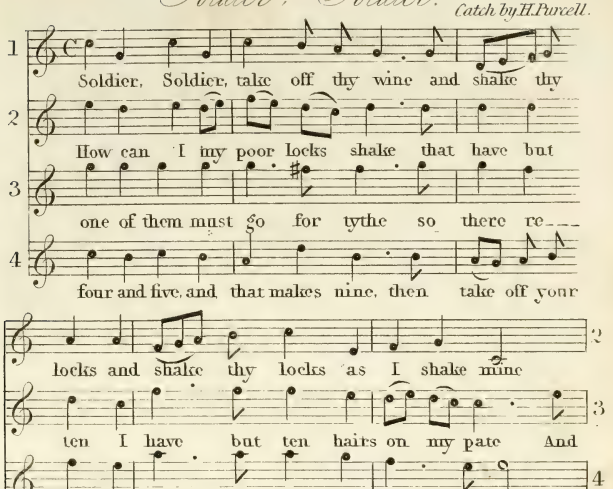


Her wing shall the Eagle flap
O'er the false hearted,
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
'Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit by his grave ever!
Blessings shall hallow it — never no never!
Never, no never!



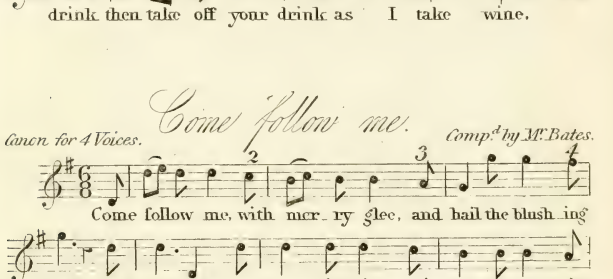
Soldier, Soldier.

Catch by H. Purcell.



Come follow me.

Canon for 4 Voices. *Comp.d by M.r Bates.*



Aurora nights darkness vanishing



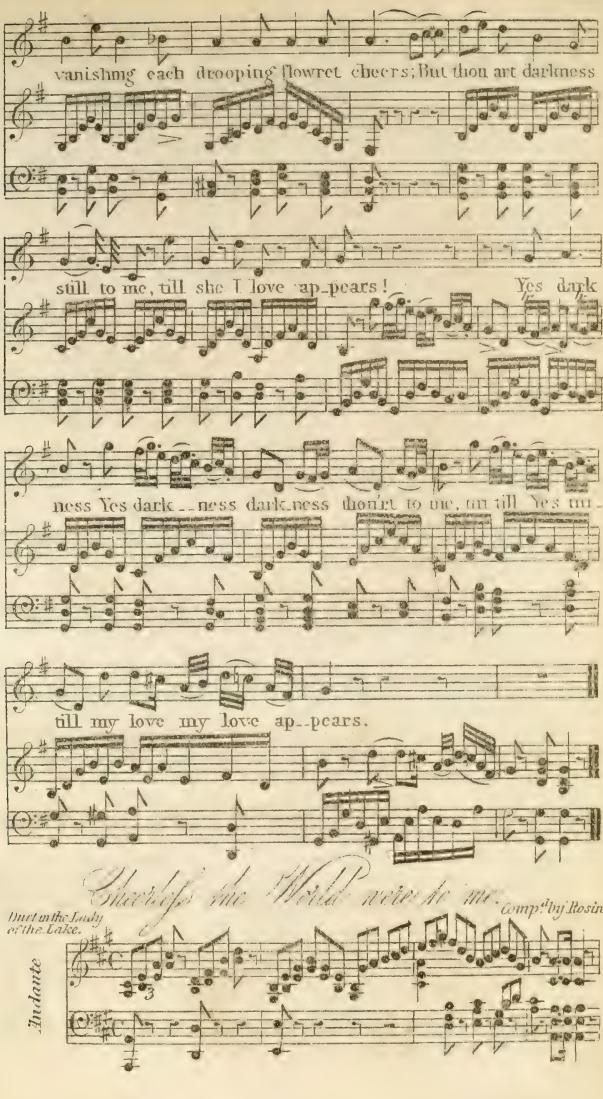
Andante

Auro ra nights darkness

p *sempre legato*
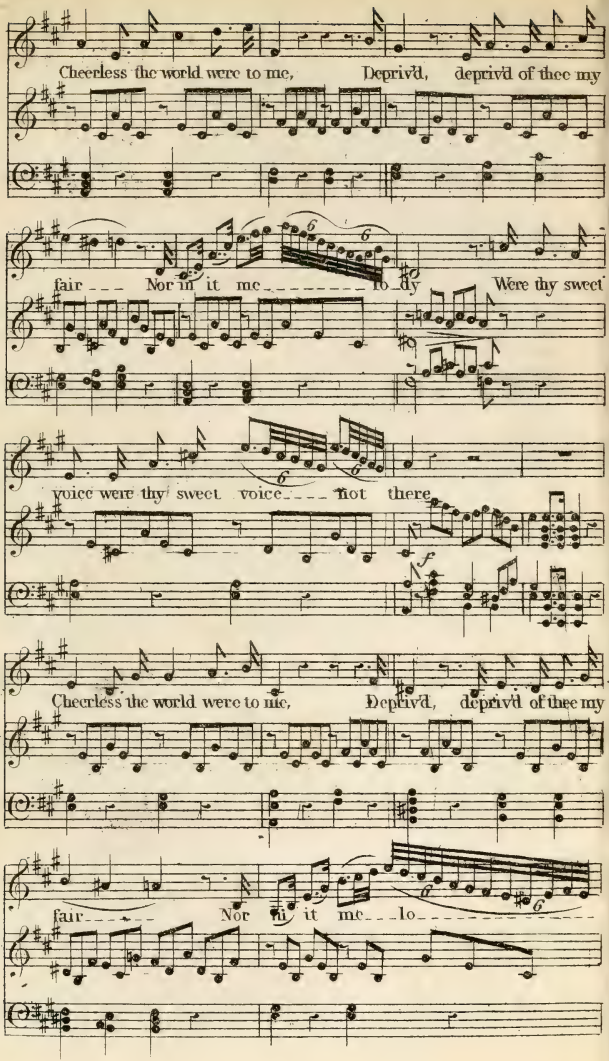
Sung in the Lady of the Lake *Comp.d by Rossini.*

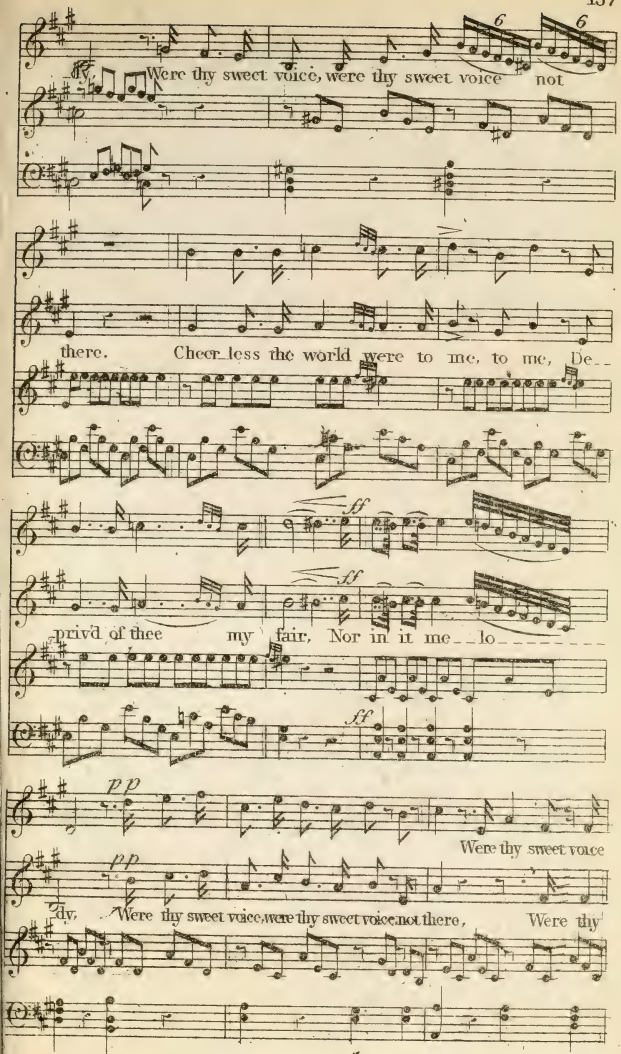
banish ing, Each de wy va pour clears, Her mists before thee
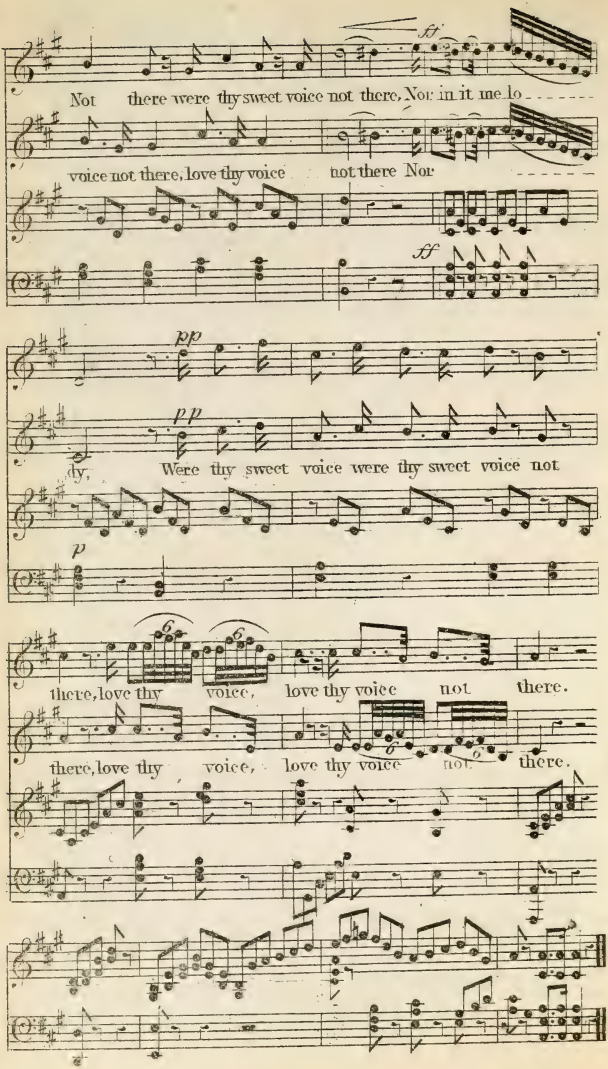


Duet in the Lady of the Lake. Andante

Blackness the World were to me. Comp.d by Rosini.

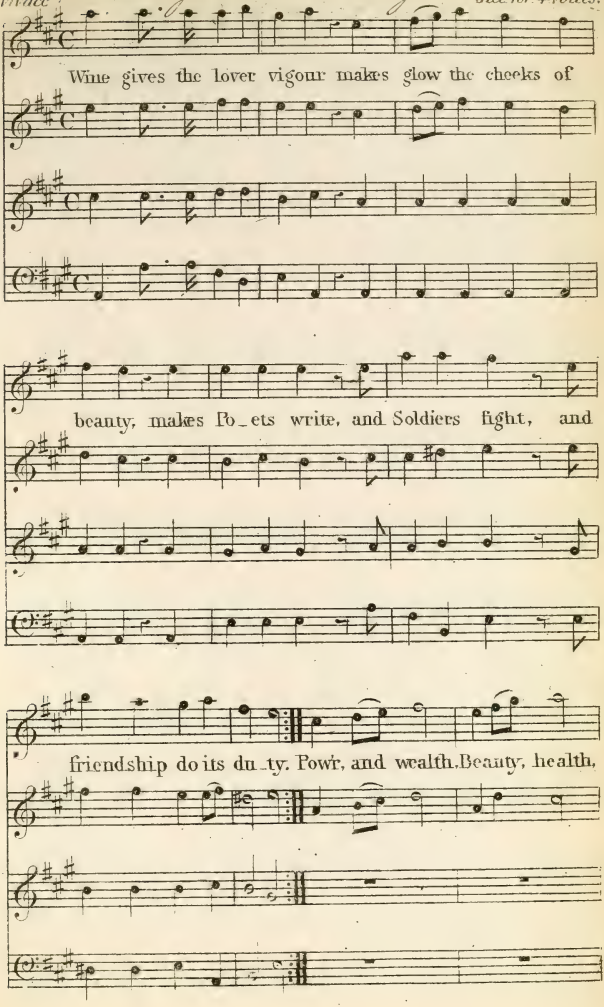

Cheerless the world were to me, Deprivd, deprivd of thee my
fair Nor in it me lo dy Were thy sweet
voice were thy sweet voice not there
f
Cheerless the world were to me, Deprivd, deprivd of thee my
fair Nor in it me lo

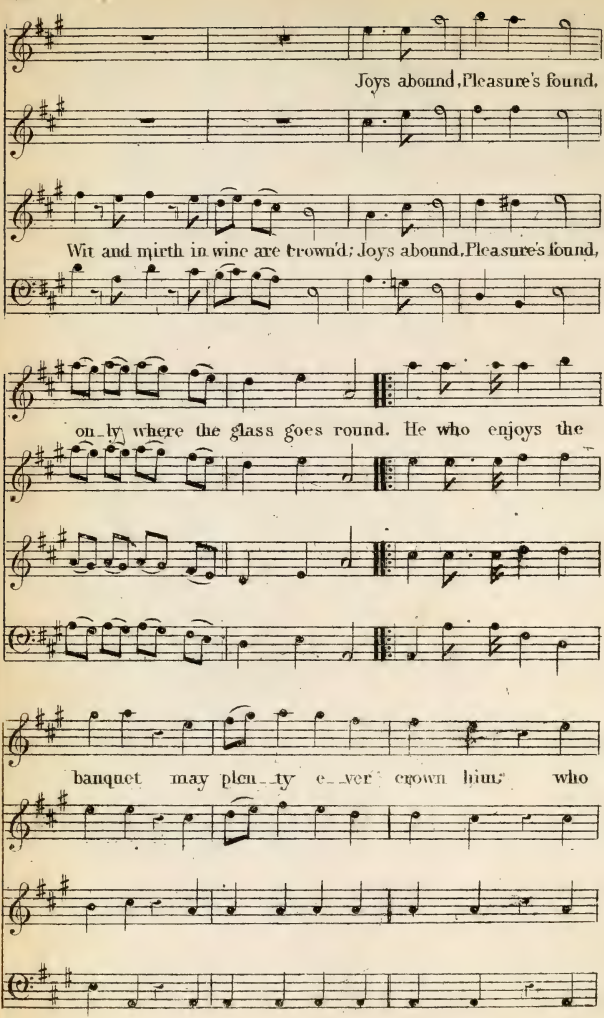

Were thy sweet voice, were thy sweet voice not
there. Cheer_less the world were to me, to me, De_
priv'd of thee my fair, Nor in it me_lo_
Were thy sweet voice
dy, Were thy sweet voice, were thy sweet voice not there, Were thy

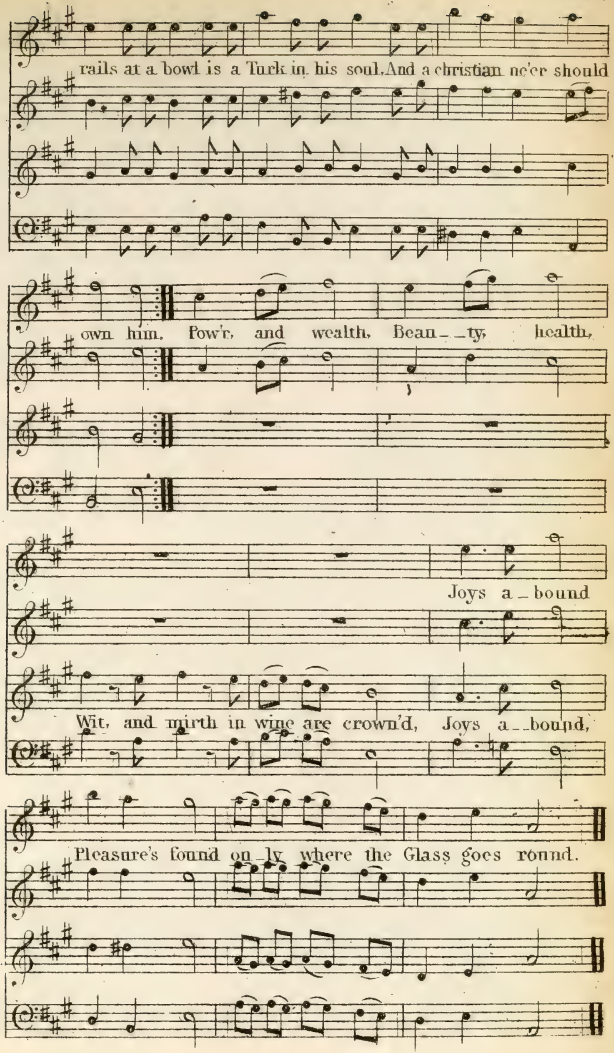

ff
Not there were thy sweet voice not there, Nor in it me lo
voice not there, love thy voice not there Nor
ff
pp
pp
dy, Were thy sweet voice were thy sweet voice not
p
6
6
there, love thy voice, love thy voice not there.
there, love thy voice, love thy voice not there.

Wine gives the lover vigour.

Vivace. Glee for 4 Voices.



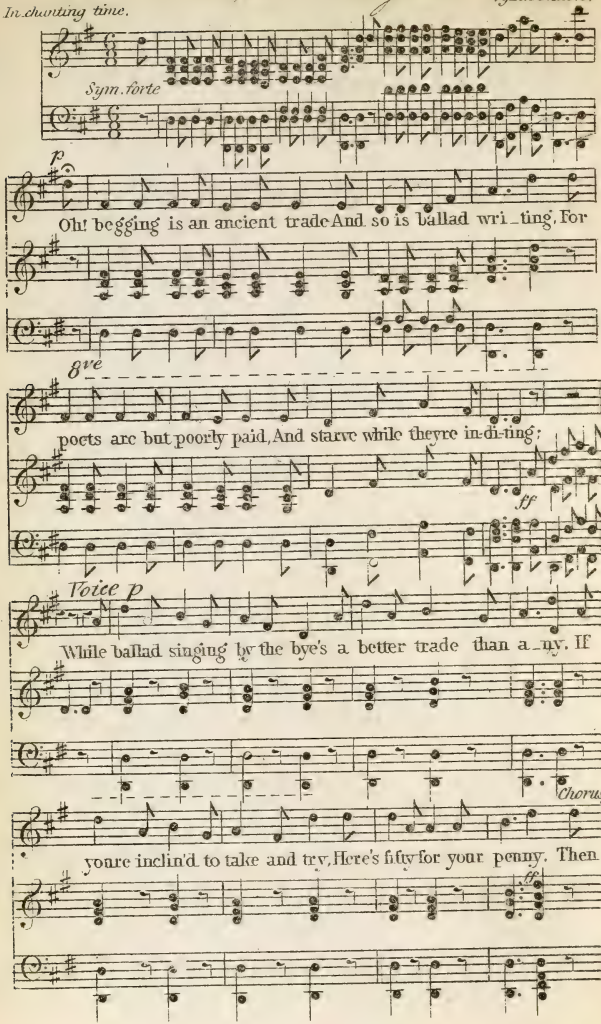

Joys abound, Pleasure's found,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd; Joys abound, Pleasure's found,
on_ly where the glass goes round. He who enjoys the
banquet may plen_ty e_ver crown him; who

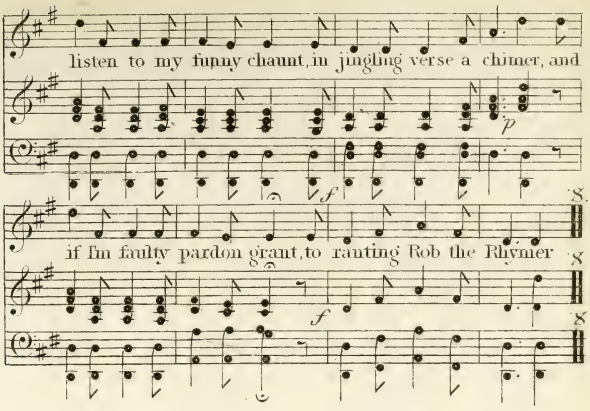

rails at a bowl is a Turk in his soul. And a christian ne'er should
own him. Pow'r, and wealth, Beau_ty, health,
Joys a_bound
Wit, and mirth in wine are crown'd, Joys a_bound,
Pleasure's found on_ly where the Glass goes round.

Rob the Rhymer.

Written & Sung by R. Gondon.

. In chanting time.




listen to my funny chaunt, in jingling verse a chimer, and
p
f
8.
if I'm faulty pardon grant, to ranting Rob the Rhymer
8
f
8.



2

Oh Nanny will you gang wi me, To th'wake of Teddy Rowe, now,
Or wheel about and turn about and jump Jim Crow, now,
Or meet me in the Willow Glen, when I perform Othello,
To all you Ladies now on land, I've brought my Umbreller.
Chorus; Then listen &c.

3

Oh! Tell me where is fancy bred, Jinny Jones and Alice Gray, can,
I met her at the fancy fair, with Barclay and Perkins Drayman,
And The Maid of Judah, Rory o'More, I should very much like to know, Sirs,
Miss Nicholls who lodged on the first floor, with a Donkey vot vouldn't go Sirs,
Then listen &c.

4

I'm over young to marry yet, with Lord Ullin's Daughter,
They mourn me dead in my Father's Hall, on the Banks of Allan Water,
Oh proud must be our Admiral, When Comin thro' the rye, Sirs,
Bessy was a Sailor's Bride, And a reglar ax my eye, Sirs
Then listen &c.

5

My love is but a lassie yet, They've given her to another,
I'm sure I never can forget, Ben Block, The Dustman's Brother,
After many roving years, how should he upbraid, now,
Sich a gettin up de stairs, all with the Mountain maid, now.
Then listen &c.

6

My love is like the red red rose, a Friar of orders Gray, Sirs,
Heres Jolly Dick the lamplighter, the light of other days, Sirs,
Here we meet too soon to part, Lovers should not wrangle,
Victoria Queen, Tell me my heart, Has your Mother sold her Mangle.
Then listen &c.

End of Vol. I.

